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AT SEA.

1880.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour" (Rev. viii. 1).

OLD Ocean rolls like time, each billow passing
Into another melts, and is no more,
Whilst the indwelling spirit works on, massing
The great whole as before.

The separate waves are swift to come and go,
But the deep smiles, as they die one by one,
In lazy pleasure lifting from below
His foam-flecked purple to the sun.

Eve comes, the floods race past, we see their
white
Thrilled through by weird sea-fires, a burning
shiver
Which for one moment lives in eager light
And then is quenched forever.

Even so, alas! the bright chiefs of our race,
Lost under the interminable years,
Homer, or Shakespeare, each in his own
place,
Just flashes forth, then disappears;

For what we call their immortality
Is a brief spark, born but to be destroyed,
As the long ruin of all things that be
Moves down the Goddess void.

Such is the creed our wise ones of the earth
Engrave now on the slowly waning skies;
Ice, night, and death—death with no second
birth—
Even now before their prescient eyes.

Pale in the lone abysses of existence,
World hangs on world, system on system,
dead,
Whilst over all out-wearied life's resistance
Vast wings of blackness spread;

Till that proud voice, "Let there be light,"
whose breath
Came, as we deemed, from Heaven old glooms
to chase,
Hath passed unfelt through a dim waste of
death,
To cease at length upon deaf space.

Darkness, eternal darkness, darkness bare
Of warmth, of life, of thought, with orbs that
run,
Like sad ghosts of the shining years that were,
Each round its frozen sun.

Sages may scoff, "What matters this to you
Who will rest well whatever may befall?
Why care in what strange garb of horrors new
Is clothed the doom that waits us all?"

"What if some fresh unfailing age of gold,
Should fill each radiant galaxy with bloom?
The man whose race is run, whose tale is told,
Owns nothing but his tomb.

"Thus whether Nature still uphold her pow-
ers,
Or all things die at last, as men have died;
Stop not to ask if that sure grave of ours
Be coffin-narrow, or world-wide."

We answer thus: The cloud before us spread
Stains with its shadow all that nursed our
prime;
Hope is the world's best blood, which, chilled
or shed,
Palsies the heart of Time.

Your grim futurity we cannot bear,
It shakes us now, like earthquake tides inroll-
ing,
Imagination has her own despair,
And hears your distant death-bell tolling.

She droops even now beneath those evil
dreams,
That like hearse-plumes, wind-swept, around
her nod,
And shrinks from that lost universe, which
seems
To her the corpse of God.

Let her still therefore guard her lamp, and
fling
Away the terror under which she cowers,
Trusting in trance to feel the touch of spring,
And the young struggle of the flowers;

Trusting that when the days are full, some
thought,
Some presence, may dawn round us by-and-
by,
So that, as prophets and as bards have taught,
We men may live, not die.

Then if that hope which science off has thrown
Be but our nurse's lullaby and kiss,
If Nature round the edge her seeds have sown,
Only to hide the near abyss;

If all her visioned flowers and fruits, that
smile
And fade not, where the living water gleams,
Be but as desert phantoms which beguile,
Mirrored on phantom streams;

Though none the promised amaranth may
reap,
We yet accept the boon—believing still
That the great mother means us well—and
sleep

In faith, according to her will.

Macmillan's Magazine.

F. H. DOYLE.

From The Westminster Review.
THE PLACE OF SOCRATES IN GREEK
PHILOSOPHY.*

APART from legendary reputations there is no name in the world's history more famous than that of Socrates, and in the history of philosophy there is none so famous. The only thinker that approaches him in celebrity is his own disciple, Plato. Every one who has heard of Greece or Athens has heard of him. Every one who has heard of him knows that he was supremely good and great. Each successive generation has confirmed the reputed Delphic oracle that no man was wiser than Socrates. He, with one or two others, alone realized the ideal of a Stoic sage. Christians deem it no irreverence to compare him with the founder of their religion. If a few dissentient voices have broken the general unanimity, they have, whether consciously or not, been inspired by the Socratic principle that we should let no opinion pass unquestioned and unproved. Furthermore, it so happens that this wonderful figure is known even to the multitude by sight as well as by name. Busts, cameos, and engravings have made all familiar with the Silenus-like physiognomy, the thick lips, upturned nose, and prominent eyes that impressed themselves so strangely on the imagination of a race who are accused of having cared for nothing but physical beauty, because they rightly regarded it as the natural accompaniment of moral loveliness. Those who wish to discover what manner of mind lay hid beneath this uninviting exterior may easily satisfy their curiosity, for Socrates is personally better known than any other character of antiquity. Dr. Johnson himself is not a more familiar figure to the student of literature. Alone among classical worthies his table-talk has been preserved for us, and the art of memoir-writing seems to have been expressly created for his behoof. We can follow him into all sorts of company and test his behavior in every variety of circumstances. He conversed with all classes and on all subjects of human interest, with artisans, artists, generals,

statesmen, professors, and professional beauties. We meet him in the armorer's workshop, in the sculptor's studio, in the boudoirs of the *demi-monde*, in the banqueting-halls of flower-crowned and wine-flushed Athenian youth, combining the self-mastery of an Antisthenes with the plastic grace of an Aristippus; or, in graver moments, cheering his comrades during the disastrous retreat from Delium; upholding the sanctity of law as president of the Assembly against a delirious populace; confronting, with invincible irony, the oligarchic terrorists who held life and death in their hands; pleading not for himself, but for reason and justice before a stupid and bigoted tribunal; and, in the last sad scene of all, exchanging Attic courtesies with the unwilling instrument of his death.

Such a character would, in any case, be remarkable; it becomes of extraordinary, or rather of unique, interest when we consider that Socrates could be and do so much, not in spite of being a philosopher, but because he was a philosopher, the chief though not the sole originator of a vast intellectual revolution; one who, as a teacher, constituted the supremacy of reason, and as an individual made reason his sole guide in life. He at once discovered new principles, popularized them for the benefit of others, and exemplified them in his own conduct; but he did not accomplish each of these results separately; they were only different aspects of the same systematizing process which was identical with philosophy itself. Yet the very success of Socrates in harmonizing life and thought makes it the more difficult for us to construct a complete picture of his personality. Different observers have selected from the complex combination that which best suited their own mental predisposition, pushing out of sight the other elements that with him served to correct and complete it. The very popularity that has attached itself to his name is a proof of this; for the multitude can seldom appreciate more than one excellence at a time, nor is that usually of the highest order. Hegel complains that Socrates has been made the patron saint of moral twaddle. We are

* Zeller. *Die Philosophie der Griechen*; Zweiter Theil, Erste Abtheilung. Leipz. 1875.

fifty years further removed than Hegel from the golden age of platitude; the twaddle of our own time is half cynical, half æsthetic, and wholly unmoral; yet there are no signs of diminution in the popular favor with which he has always been regarded. The man of the world, the wit, the *viveur*, the enthusiastic admirer of youthful beauty, the scornful critic of democracy is welcome to many who have no taste for ethical discourses and fine-spun arguments.

Nor is it only the personality of Socrates that has been so variously conceived; his philosophy, so far as it can be separated from his life, has equally given occasion to conflicting interpretations, and it has even been denied that he had, properly speaking, any philosophy at all. These divergent presentations of his teaching, if teaching it can be called, begin with the two disciples to whom our knowledge of it is almost entirely due. There is, curiously enough, much the same inner discrepancy between Xenophon's "*Memorabilia*" and those Platonic dialogues where Socrates is the principal spokesman, as that which distinguishes the Synoptic from the Johannine Gospels. The one gives us a report certainly authentic, but probably incomplete, the other account is, beyond all doubt, a highly idealized portraiture, but seems to contain some traits directly copied from the original, which may well have escaped a less philosophic observer than Plato. Aristotle also furnishes us with some scanty notices which are of use in deciding between the two rival versions, although we cannot be sure that he had access to any better sources of information than are open to ourselves. By variously combining and reasoning from these data, modern critics have produced a third Socrates, who is often little more than the embodiment of their own favorite opinions.

In England the most generally accepted method seems to be that followed by Mr. Grote. This consists in taking the Platonic "*Apologia*" as a sufficiently faithful report of the defence actually made by Socrates on his trial, and piecing it on to the details supplied by Xenophon, or at

least to as many of them as can be made to fit without too obvious an accommodation of their meaning. If, however, we ask on what grounds a greater historical credibility is attributed to the "*Apologia*" than to the "*Republic*" or the "*Phædo*," none can be offered except the seemingly transparent truthfulness of the narrative itself, an argument that will not weigh much with those who remember how brilliant was Plato's talent for fiction, and how unscrupulously it could be employed for purposes of edification. The "*Phædo*" puts an autobiographical statement into the mouth of Socrates which we only know to be imaginary because it involves the acceptance of a theory unknown to the real Socrates. Why, then, may not Plato have thought proper to introduce equally fictitious details into the speech delivered by his master before the dicastery, if, indeed the speech, as we have it, be not a fancy composition from beginning to end?

Before we can come to a decision on this point, it will be necessary briefly to recapitulate the statements in question. Socrates is defending himself against a capital charge. He fears that a prejudice respecting him may exist in the minds of the jury, and tries to explain how it arose without any fault of his, as follows. A certain friend of his had asked the oracle at Delphi whether there was any man wiser than Socrates. The answer was that no man was wiser. Not being conscious of possessing any wisdom, great or small, he felt considerably surprised on hearing of this declaration, and thought to convince the god of falsehood by finding out some one wiser than himself. He first went to an eminent politician, who however proved, on examination, to be utterly ignorant, with the further disadvantage that it was impossible to convince him of his ignorance. On applying the same test to others a precisely similar result was obtained. It was only the handicraftsmen who could give a satisfactory account of themselves, and their knowledge of one trade made them fancy that they understood everything else equally well. Thus the meaning of the oracle was shown to be that God alone is truly wise, and that of all men he is wis-

est who, like Socrates, perceives that human wisdom is worth little or nothing. Ever since then Socrates has made it his business to vindicate the divine veracity by seeking out and exposing every pretender to knowledge whom he can find, a line of conduct that has made him extremely unpopular in Athens, while it has also won him a great reputation for wisdom, as people supposed that the matters on which he convicted others of ignorance were perfectly clear to himself.

The first difficulty that strikes one in connection with this extraordinary story arises out of the oracle on which it all hinges. Had such a declaration been really made by the Pythia, would not Xenophon have eagerly quoted it as a proof of the high favor in which his hero stood with the gods? And how could Socrates have acquired so great a reputation before entering on the cross-examining career which alone made him conscious of any superiority over other men, and had alone won the admiration of his fellow-citizens? Our doubts are still further strengthened when we find that the historical Socrates did not by any means profess the sweeping scepticism attributed to him by Plato. So far from believing that ignorance was the common and necessary lot of all mankind, himself included, he held that action should, so far as possible, be entirely guided by knowledge; that the man who did not always know what he was about resembled a slave; that the various virtues were only different forms of knowledge, that he himself possessed this knowledge and was perfectly competent to share it with his friends. We do indeed find him very ready to convince ignorant and presumptuous persons of their deficiencies, but only that he may lead them, if well-disposed, into the path of right understanding. He also thought that there were certain secrets which would remain forever inaccessible to the human intellect, facts connected with the structure of the universe which the gods had reserved for their own exclusive cognizance. This, however, was according to him a kind of knowledge that even if it could be obtained would not be particu-

larly worth having, and the search after which would leave us no leisure for more useful acquisitions. Nor does the Platonic Socrates seem to have been at the trouble of arguing against natural science. The subjects of his elenchus are the professors of such arts as politics, rhetoric, and poetry. Further, we have something stronger than a simple inference from the facts recorded by Xenophon; we have his express testimony to the fact that Socrates did not limit himself to confuting people who fancied they knew everything; here we must either have a direct reference to the "*Apologia*," or to a theory identical with that which it embodies. Some stress has been laid on a phrase quoted by Xenophon himself as having been used by Hippias, which, at first sight, seems to support Plato's view. The Elian Sophist charges Socrates with practising a continual irony, refuting others and not submitting to be questioned himself; an accusation which, we may observe in passing, is not borne out by the discussion that subsequently takes place between them. Here, however, we must remember that Socrates used to convey instruction under the form of a series of leading questions, the answers to which showed that his interlocutor understood and assented to the doctrine propounded. Such a method might easily give rise to the misconception that he refused to disclose his own particular opinions, and contented himself with eliciting those held by others. Finally it is to be noted that the idea of fulfilling a religious mission, of exposing human ignorance in *majorem Dei gloriam*, on which Mr. Grote lays such stress, has no place in Xenophon's conception of his master, although, had such an idea been really present, one can hardly imagine how it could have been passed over by a writer with whom piety amounted to superstition. It is, on the other hand, an idea which would naturally occur to a great religious reformer who proposed to base his reconstruction of society on faith in a supernatural order, and the desire to realize it here below.

So far we have contrasted the "*Apologia*" with the "*Memorabilia*." We have

now to consider in what relation it stands to Plato's other writings. The constructive, dogmatic Socrates, who is a principal spokesman in some of them, differs widely from the sceptical Socrates of the famous "Defence," and the difference has been urged as an argument for the historical authenticity of the latter. Plato, it is implied, would not have departed so far from his usual conception of the sage had he not been desirous of reproducing the actual words spoken on so solemn an occasion. There are, however, several dialogues that seem to have been composed for the express purpose of illustrating the negative method supposed to have been described by Socrates to his judges, investigations the sole result of which is to upset the theories of other thinkers, or to show that ordinary men act without being able to assign a reason for their conduct. Even the "Republic" is professedly tentative in its procedure, and only follows out a train of thought that has presented itself almost by accident to the company. Unlike Charles Lamb's Scotchman, the leading spokesman does not bring, but find, and you are invited to cry halves to whatever turns up in his company.

Plato had, in truth, a conception of science that no knowledge then attained, perhaps one may add, no knowledge ever attainable, could completely satisfy. Even the rigor of mathematical demonstration did not content him, for mathematical truth itself rested on unproved assumptions, as we also, by the way, have lately discovered. Perhaps the Hegelian system would have fulfilled his requirements; perhaps not even that. Moreover, that the new order which he contemplated might be established, it was necessary to begin by making a clean sweep of all existing opinions. With the urbanity of an Athenian, the piety of a disciple, and the instinct of a great dramatic artist, he preferred to assume that this indispensable task had already been done by another. And of all preceding thinkers, who was so well qualified for the undertaking as Socrates? Who else had wielded the weapons of negative dialectic with such consummate dexterity? Who had assumed such a critical attitude towards the beliefs of his contemporaries? Who had been so anxious to find a point of attachment for every new truth in the minds of his interlocutors? Who therefore could, with such plausibility, be put forward in the guise of one who laid claim to no wisdom on his own account?

The son of Phænaretê seemed made to be the Baptist of a Greek Messiah; but Plato, in treating him as such, has drawn a discreet veil over the whole positive side of his predecessor's teaching, and to discover what this was we must place ourselves under the guidance of Xenophon's more faithful report.

Not that Xenophon is to be taken as a perfectly accurate exponent of the Socratic philosophy. His work, it must be remembered, was primarily intended to vindicate Socrates from a charge of impiety and immoral teaching, not to expound a system which he was perhaps incompetent to appreciate or understand. We are bound to accept everything that he relates; we are bound to include nothing that he does not relate; but we may fairly readjust the proportions of his sketch. It is here that a judicious use of Plato will furnish us with the most valuable assistance. He grasped Socratism in all its parts and developed it in all directions, so that by following back the lines of his system to their origin we shall be put on the proper track, and shall know where to look for the suggestions that were destined to be so magnificently worked out.*

Before entering on our task of reconstruction we must turn aside to consider with what success the same enterprise has been attempted by modern German criticism, especially by its chief contemporary representative, the last and most distinguished historian of Greek philosophy. The result at which Zeller, following Schleiermacher, arrives is that the great achievement of Socrates was to put forward an adequate idea of knowledge, in other words, to show what true science ought to be, and what, as yet, it had never

* It may possibly be asked, Why, if Plato gave only an ideal picture of Socrates, we are to accept his versions of the Sophistic teaching as literally exact? The answer is that he was compelled, by the nature of the case, to create an imaginary Socrates, while he could have no conceivable object in ascribing views which he did not himself hold to well-known historical personages. Assuming an unlimited right of making fictitious statements for the public good, his principles would surely not have permitted him wantonly to calumniate his innocent contemporaries by foisting on them odious theories for which they were not responsible. Had nobody held such opinions as those attributed to Thrasymachus in the "Republic" there would have been no object in attacking them, and if anybody held them why not Thrasymachus as well as another? With regard to the veracity of the "Apologia" Mr. Grote, in his work on Plato, quotes a passage from Aristides the rhetor stating that all the companions of Socrates agreed about the Delphic oracle, and the Socratic disclaimer of knowledge. This, however, proves too much, for it shows that Aristides quite overlooked the absence of any reference to either point in Xenophon, and therefore cannot be trusted to give an accurate report of the other authorities.

been, with the addition of a demand that all action should be based on such a scientific knowledge as its only sure foundation. To know a thing was to know its essence, its concept, the assemblage of qualities which together constitute its definition, and make it to be what it is. Former thinkers had also sought for knowledge, but not *as* knowledge, not with a clear notion of what it was that they really wanted. Socrates, on the other hand, required that men should always be prepared to give a strict account of the end which they had in view, and of the means by which they hoped to gain it. Further, it had been customary to single out for exclusive attention that quality of an object by which the observer happened to be most strongly impressed, passing over all the others; the consequence of which was that the philosophers had taken a one-sided view of facts with the result of falling into hopeless disagreement among themselves; the Sophists had turned these contradictory points of view against one another, and thus effected their mutual destruction; while the dissolution of objective certainty had led to a corresponding dissolution of moral truth. Socrates accepts the Sophistic scepticism so far as it applies to the existing state of science, but does not push it to the same fatal conclusion; he grants that current beliefs should be thoroughly sifted and, if necessary, discarded, but only that more solid convictions may be substituted for them. Here a place is found for his method of self-examination, and for the self-conscious ignorance attributed to him by Plato. Comparing his notions on particular subjects with his idea of what knowledge in general ought to be, he finds that they do not satisfy it; he knows that he knows nothing. He then has recourse to other men who declare that they possess the knowledge of which he is in search, but their pretended certainty vanishes under the application of his dialectic test. This is the famous Socratic irony. Finally, he attempts to come at real knowledge, that is to say, the construction of definitions, by employing that inductive method with the invention of which he is credited by Aristotle. This method consists in bringing together a number of simple and familiar examples from common experience, generalizing from them, and correcting the generalizations by comparison with negative instances. The reasons that led Socrates to restrict his inquiries to human interests are rather lightly

passed over by Zeller; he seems at a loss how to reconcile the alleged reform of scientific method with the complete abandonment of those physical investigations which, we are told, had suffered so severely from being cultivated on a different system.

There seem to be three principal points aimed at in the very ingenious theory which we have just endeavored to summarize as adequately as space would permit. Zeller apparently wishes to bring Socrates into line with the great tradition of early Greek thought, to distinguish him markedly from the Sophists, and to trace back to his initiative the intellectual method of Plato and Aristotle. We cannot admit that the threefold attempt has succeeded. It seems to us that a picture into which so much Platonic coloring has been introduced would for that reason alone, and without any further objection, be open to very grave suspicion. But even accepting the historical accuracy of everything that Plato has said, or of as much as may be required, our critic's inferences are not justified by his authorities. Neither the Xenophontic nor the Platonic Socrates seeks knowledge for its own sake, nor does either of them offer a satisfactory definition of knowledge, or indeed any definition at all. Aristotle was the first to explain what science meant, and he did so, not by developing the Socratic notion but by incorporating it with the other methods independently struck out by physical philosophy. What would science be without the study of causation, and was not this ostentatiously neglected by the founder of conceptualism? Again, Plato, in the "Theætétus" makes his Socrates criticise various theories of knowledge, but does not even hint that the critic had himself a better theory than any of them in reserve. The author of the "Phædo" and the "Republic" was less interested in reforming the methods of scientific investigation than in directing research towards that which he believed to be alone worth knowing, the eternal ideas that underlie phenomena. The historical Socrates had no suspicion of transcendental realities; but he thought that a knowledge of physics was unattainable, and would be worthless if attained. By knowledge he meant art rather than science, and his method of defining was intended not for the latter but for the former. Those, he said, who can clearly express what they want to do are best secured against failure, and best able to com-

municate their skill to others. He made out that the various virtues were different kinds of knowledge, not from any extraordinary opinion of its preciousness, but because he thought that knowledge was the variable element in volition and that everything else was constant. Zeller dwells strongly on the Socratic identification of cognition with conduct, but how could any one who fell at the first step into such a confusion of ideas be fitted either to explain what science meant or to come forward as the reformer of its methods? Nor is it correct to say that Socrates approached an object from every point of view, and took note of all its characteristic qualities. On the contrary, one would be inclined to charge him with the opposite tendency, with fixing his gaze too exclusively on some one quality which to him, as a teacher, was the most interesting. His identification of virtue with knowledge is an excellent instance of this habit. So also is his identification of beauty with serviceableness, and his general disposition to judge of everything by a rather narrow standard of utility. On the other hand, Greek physical speculation would have gained nothing by a minute attention to definitions, and most probably would have been mischievously hampered by it. Aristotle at any rate prefers the method of Democritus to the method of Plato, and Aristotle himself is much nearer the truth when he follows on the Ionian or Sicilian track than when he attempts to define what in the then existing state of knowledge could not be satisfactorily defined. To talk about the various elements—earth, air, fire, and water—as things with which everybody was already familiar, may have been a crude, unscientific procedure; to analyze them into different combinations of the hot and the cold, the light and the heavy, the dry and the moist, was not only erroneous but fatally misleading; it was arresting inquiry and doing precisely what the Sophists had been accused of doing, that is substituting the conceit for the reality of wisdom. It was no doubt necessary that mathematical terms should be defined; but where are we told that geometers had to learn this truth from Socrates? The sciences of quantity, which could hardly have advanced a step without the help of exact conceptions, were successfully cultivated before he was born, and his influence was used to discourage rather than to promote their accurate study. With regard to the comprehensive, all-sided examination of ob-

jects, on which Zeller lays so much stress, and which he seems to regard as something peculiar to the conceptual method, it had unquestionably been neglected by Parmenides and Heraclitus; but had not the deficiency been already made good by their immediate successors? What else is the philosophy of Empedocles, the Atomists, and Anaxagoras than an attempt—we must add, a by no means unsuccessful attempt—to recombine the opposing aspects of nature that had been too exclusively insisted on at Ephesus and Elea? Again, to say that the Sophists had destroyed physical speculation by setting these partial aspects of truth against one another is, in our opinion, equally erroneous. First of all, Zeller here falls into the old mistake, long ago corrected by Grote, of treating the class in question as if they all held similar views. We have shown on a former occasion, if, indeed, it required to be shown, that the Sophists were divided into two principal schools, of which one was devoted to the cultivation of physics. Protagoras and Gorgias were the only sceptics, and it was not by setting one theory against another, but by working out a single theory to its last consequences, that their scepticism was reached; with no more effect, be it observed, than was exercised by Pyrrho on the science of his day. For the two great thinkers, with the aid of whose conclusions it was attempted to discredit objective reality, were already left far behind at the close of the fifth century, and neither their reasonings, nor reasonings based on theirs, could exercise much influence on a generation that had Anaxagoras on nature and the cyclopædia of Democritus in its hands. There was, however, one critic who really did what the Sophists are charged with doing; who derided and denounced physical science on the ground that its professors were hopelessly at issue with one another; and this critic was no other than Socrates himself. He maintained, on purely popular and superficial grounds, the same sceptical attitude to which Protagoras gave at least the semblance of a psychological justification. And he wished that attention should be concentrated on the very subjects that Protagoras undertook to teach—namely, ethics, politics, and dialectics. Once more, to say that Socrates was conscious of not coming up to his own standard of true knowledge is quite inconsistent with Xenophon's account, where he is represented as quite ready to answer every

question put to him, and to offer a definition of everything that he considered worth defining. His scepticism, if it ever existed, was as artificial and short-lived as the scepticism of Descartes.

The truth is that no man who philosophized at all was ever more free from tormenting doubts and self-questionings; no man was ever more thoroughly satisfied with himself than Socrates. Let us add that, from a Hellenic point of view, no man had ever more reason for self-satisfaction. None, he observed in his last days, had ever lived a better or a happier life. Naturally possessed of a splendid constitution, he had so strengthened it by habitual moderation and constant training that up to the hour of his death, at the age of seventy, he enjoyed perfect bodily and mental health. Neither hardship nor exposure, neither abstinence nor indulgence in what to other men would have been excess, could make any impression on that adamant frame. We know not how much truth there may be in the story that, at one time, he was remarkable for the violence of his passions; at any rate when our principal informants knew him he was conspicuous for the ease with which he resisted temptation, and for the imperturbable sweetness of his temper. His wants, being systematically reduced to a minimum, were easily satisfied, and his cheerfulness never failed. He enjoyed Athenian society so much that nothing but military duty could draw him away from it. For Socrates was a veteran who had served through three arduous campaigns, and could give lectures on the duties of a general, which so high an authority as Xenophon thought worth reporting. He seems to have been on excellent terms with his fellow-citizens, never having been engaged in a lawsuit, either as plaintiff or defendant, until the fatal prosecution which brought his career to a close. He could, on that occasion, refuse to prepare a defence, proudly observing that his whole life had been a preparation, that no man had ever seen him commit an unjust or impious deed. The anguished cries of doubt uttered by Italian and Sicilian thinkers could have no meaning for one who, on principle, abstained from ontological speculations; the uncertainty of human destiny that hung like a thunder-cloud over Pindar and the tragic poets had melted away under the sunshine of arguments that demonstrated, to his satisfaction, the reality and beneficence of a supernatural Providence. For he

believed that the gods would afford guidance in doubtful conjunctures to all who approached their oracles in a reverent spirit; while, over and above the divine counsels accessible to all men, he was personally attended by an oracular voice, a mysterious monitor, which told him what to avoid though not what to do, a circumstance well worthy of note, for it shows that he did not, like Plato, attribute every kind of right action to divine inspiration. It may be said that all this only proves Socrates to have been, in his own estimation, a good and happy, but not necessarily, a wise man. With him, however, the last of these conditions was inseparable from the other two. He was prepared to demonstrate, step by step, that his conduct was regulated by fixed and ascertainable principles, and was of the kind best adapted to secure happiness both for himself and for others. That there were deficiencies in his ethical theory may readily be admitted. The idea of universal beneficence seems never to have dawned on his horizon; and chastity was to him what sobriety is to us, mainly a self-regarding virtue. We do not find that he ever recommended conjugal fidelity to husbands; he regarded prostitution very much as it is still, unhappily, regarded by men of the world among ourselves; and in opposing the darker vices of his countrymen it was rather the excess than the perversion of appetite that he condemned. These, however, are points which do not interfere with our general contention that Socrates adopted the ethical standard of his time, that he adopted it on rational grounds, that having adopted he acted up to it, and that in so reasoning and acting he satisfied his own ideal of absolute wisdom. Even as regards physical phenomena Socrates, so far from professing complete ignorance, held a very positive theory which he was quite ready to share with his friends. He taught what is called the doctrine of final causes, and, so far as our knowledge goes, he was either the first to teach it, or, at any rate, the first to prove the existence of divine agencies by its means. The old poets had occasionally attributed the origin of man and other animals to supernatural intelligence, but apparently without being led to their conviction by any evidence of design displayed in the structure of organized creatures. Socrates, on the other hand, went through the various external organs of the human body with great minuteness, and showed, to his own satisfaction, that they evinced

the workings of a wise and beneficent artist. We shall have more to say further on about this whole argument; here we only wish to observe that intrinsically it does not differ very much from the speculations which its author derided as the fruit of an impertinent curiosity; and that no one who now employed it would be called an Agnostic or a sceptic for a single moment.

Must we, then, conclude that Socrates was, after all, nothing but a sort of glorified Greek Paley, whose principal achievement was to present the popular ideas of his time on morals and politics under the form of a rather grovelling utilitarianism, and whose "evidences of natural and revealed religion" bore much the same relation to Greek mythology as the corresponding lucubrations of the worthy archdeacon bore to Christian theology? Even were this the whole truth it should be remembered that there was an interval of twenty-three centuries between the two teachers, which ought to be taken due account of in estimating their relative importance. Socrates, with his closely reasoned, vividly illustrated ethical expositions, had gained a tactical advantage over the vague declamations of Gnostic poetry and the isolated aphorisms of the Seven Sages comparable to that possessed by Xenophon and his ten thousand in dealing with the unwieldy masses of Persian infantry and the undisciplined mountaineers of Carduchia; while his idea of a uniformly beneficent Creator marked a still greater advance on the jealous divinities of Herodotus. On the other hand, as against Hume and Bentham, Paley's pseudo-scientific paraphernalia could effect no more than the muskets and cannon of an Asiatic army against the English conquerors of India. Yet had Socrates done no more than contributed to philosophy the idea just alluded to, his place in the evolution of thought, though honorable, would not have been what it is justly held to be—unique.

So far we have been occupied in disputing the views of others; it is now time that our own view should be stated. We maintain then, that Socrates first brought out the idea, not of knowledge, but of mind in its full significance; that he first studied the whole circle of human interests as affected by mind; that in creating dialectics he gave this study its proper method, and simultaneously gave his method the only subject-matter on which it could be profitably exercised; finally, that by these immortal achievements phil-

osophy was constituted, and received a threefold verification—first, from the life of its founder; secondly, from the success with which his spirit was communicated to a band of followers; thirdly, from the whole subsequent history of thought. Before substantiating these assertions, point by point, it will be expedient to glance at the external influences that may be supposed to have moulded the great intellect and the great character now under consideration.

Socrates was, before all things, an Athenian. To understand him we must first understand what the Athenian character was in itself and independently of disturbing circumstances. Our estimate of that character is too apt to be biased by the totally exceptional position occupied by Athens during the fifth century B.C. The possession of empire developed qualities in her children which they had not exhibited at an earlier period, and ceased to exhibit when empire had been lost. Among these must be reckoned military genius, an adventurous and romantic spirit, and a high capacity for political and artistic production—qualities displayed, it is true, by every Greek race, but by some for a longer, and by others for a shorter period. Now the tradition of greatness does not seem to have gone very far back with Athens. Her legendary history, what we have of it, is singularly unexciting. The same rather monotonous though edifying story of shelter accorded to persecuted fugitives, of successful resistance to foreign invasions, and of devoted self-sacrifice to the State meets us again and again. The Attic drama itself shows how much more stirring was the legendary lore of other tribes. One need only look at the few remaining pieces that treat of patriotic subjects to appreciate the difference; and an English reader may easily convince himself of it by comparing Mr. Swinburne's "Erechtheus" with the same author's "Atalanta." There is a want of vivid individuality perceptible all through. Even Theseus, the great national hero, strikes one as a rather tame sort of personage compared with Perseus, Heracles, and Jason. No Athenian figures prominently in the Iliad; and on the only two occasions when Pindar was employed to commemorate an Athenian victory at the Panhellenic games he seems unable to associate it with any legendary glories in the past. The circumstances that for a long time made Attic history so barren of incident are the same to which its subse-

quent importance is due. The relation in which Attica stood to the rest of Greece was somewhat similar to the relation in which Tuscany, long afterwards, stood to the rest of Italy. It was the region least disturbed by foreign immigration, and therefore became the seat of a slower but steadier mental development. It was among those to whom war, revolution, colonization, and commerce brought the most many-sided experience that intellectual activity was most speedily ripened. Literature, art, and science were cultivated with extraordinary success by the Greek cities of Asia Minor, and even in some parts of the old country before Athens had a single man of genius except Solon to boast of. But along with the enjoyment of undisturbed tranquillity, habits of self-government, orderliness and reasonable reflection were establishing themselves, which finally enabled her to inherit all that her predecessors in the race had accomplished, and to add what alone they still wanted, the crowning consecration of self-conscious mind. There had, simultaneously, been growing up an intensely patriotic sentiment, due, in part, to the long-continued independence of Attica; in part, also, we may suppose, to the union, at a very early period, of her different townships into a single city. The same causes had, however, also favored a certain love of comfort, a jovial, pleasure-seeking disposition often degenerating into coarse sensuality, a thriftiness, and an inclination to grasp at any source of profit, coupled with extreme credulity where hopes of profit were excited, together forming an element of prose comedy that mingles strangely with the tragic grandeur of Athens in her imperial age, and emerges into greater prominence after her fall, until it becomes the predominant characteristic of her later days. It is, we may observe, the contrast between these two aspects of Athenian life that gives the plays of Aristophanes their unparalleled comic effect, and it is their very awkward conjunction that makes Euripides so unequal and disappointing a poet. We find, then, that the original Athenian character is marked by reasonable reflection, by patriotism, and by a tendency towards self-seeking materialism. Let us take note of these three qualities, for we shall meet with them again in the philosophy of Socrates.

Empire, when it came to Athens, came almost unsought. The Persian invasions had made her a great naval power; the free choice of her allies placed her at the

head of a great maritime confederacy. The sudden command of vast resources and the tension accumulated during ages of repose, stimulated all her faculties into preternatural activity. Her spirit was steeled almost to the Dorian temper, and entered into victorious rivalry with the Dorian muse. Not only did her fleet sweep the sea, but her army, for once, defeated Theban Hoplites in the field. The grand choral harmonies of Sicilian song, the Sicyonian recitals of epic adventure were rolled back into a framework for the spectacle of individual souls meeting one another in argument, expostulation, entreaty, and defiance; a nobler Doric edifice rose to confront the Æginetan temple of Athênê; the strained energy of Æginetan combatants was relaxed into attitudes of reposing power, and the eternal smile on their faces was deepened into the stillness of unfathomable thought. Only the true fire of a warrior race was wanting and the illimitable aspirations that nothing earthly can content. To the violet crowned city Athênê was a giver of wealth and wisdom rather than of prowess; her empire rested on the contributions of unwilling allies and on a technical proficiency which others were sure to equal in time; so that the Corinthian orators could say with justice that Athenian skill was more easily acquired than Dorian valor. At once receptive and communicative, Athens absorbed all that Greece could teach her and then returned it in a more elaborate form, but without the freshness of its earliest inspiration. Yet there was one field that still afforded scope for creative originality. Habits of analysis, though fatal to spontaneous production, were favorable, or rather were necessary, to the growth of a new philosophy. After the exhaustion of every limited idealism, there remained that highest idealization which is the reduction of all past experience to a method available for the guidance of all future action. To accomplish this last enterprise it was necessary that a single individual should gather up in himself the spirit diffused through a whole people, bestowing on it by that very concentration the capability of an infinitely wider extension when its provisional representative should have passed away from the scene.

Socrates represents the popular Athenian character much as Richardson, in a different sphere, represents the English middle-class character, represents it, that is to say, elevated into transcendent genius. Except this elevation there was

nothing anomalous about him. If he was exclusively critical, rationalizing, unadventurous, prosaic, in a word, as the German historians say, something of a Philistine, so we may suspect were the mass of his countrymen. His illustrations were taken from such plebeian employments as cattle-breeding, cobbling, weaving, and sailing. These were his "touches of things common" that at last "rose to touch the spheres." He both practised and inculcated virtues, the value of which is especially evident in humble life—frugality and endurance. But he also represents the *Dêmos* in its sovereign capacity as legislator and judge. Without aspiring to be an orator or statesman, he reserves the ultimate power of arbitration and election. He submits candidates for office to a severe scrutiny, and demands from all men an even stricter account of their lives than retiring magistrates had to give of their conduct, when in power, to the people. He applies the judicial method of cross-examination to the detection of error, and the parliamentary method of joint deliberation to the discovery of truth. He follows out the democratic principles of free speech and self-government by submitting every question that arises to public discussion, and insisting on no conclusion that does not command the willing assent of his audience. Finally, his conversation, popular in form, was popular also in this respect, that everybody who chose to listen might have the benefit of it gratuitously. Here we have a great change from the scornful dogmatism of Heracleitus, and the virtually oligarchic exclusiveness of the teachers who demanded high fees for their instruction.

To be free and to rule over freemen were, with Socrates, as with every Athenian, the goals of ambition, only his freedom meant absolute immunity from the control of passion or habit; government meant superior knowledge, and government of freemen meant the power of producing intellectual conviction. In his eyes the possessor of any art was, so far, a ruler, and the only true ruler, being obeyed under severe penalties by all who stood in need of his skill. But the royal art which he himself exercised without expressly laying claim to it, was that which assigns its proper sphere to every other art, and provides each individual with the employment that his peculiar faculties demand. This is Athenian liberty and Athenian imperialism carried into education, but so idealized and puri-

fied that they can hardly be recognized at first sight.

The philosophy of Socrates is more obviously related to the practical and religious tendencies of his countrymen. Neither he nor they had any sympathy with the cosmological speculations that seemed to be unconnected with human interests, and to trench on matters beyond the reach of human knowledge. The old Attic sentiment was averse from adventures of any kind, whether political or intellectual. Yet the new spirit of inquiry awakened by Ionian thought could not fail to react powerfully on the most intelligent man among the most intelligent people of Hellas. Above all, one paramount idea which went beyond the confines of the old philosophy had been evolved by the differentiation of knowledge from its object, and had been presented, although under a materializing form, by Anaxagoras to the Athenian public. Socrates took up this idea, which expressed what was highest and most distinctive in the national character, and applied it to the development of ethical speculation. We have seen, in a former article, how an attempt which was made to base moral truth on the results of natural philosophy was combated by the humanistic school. It could not be doubtful which side Socrates would take in this controversy. That he paid any attention to the teaching of Protagoras and Gorgias is indeed highly problematic, for their names are never mentioned by Xenophon, and the Platonic dialogues in which they figure are evidently fictitious. Nevertheless, he had to a certain extent arrived at the same conclusion with them, although by a different path. He was opposed on religious grounds to the theories that an acute psychological analysis had led them to reject. Accordingly, the idea of nature is almost entirely absent from his conversation, and, like Protagoras, he is guided solely by regard for human interests. To the objection that positive laws were always changing, he victoriously replied that it was because they were undergoing an incessant adaptation to varying needs. Like Protagoras, again, he was a habitual student of old Greek literature, and sedulously sought out the practical lessons in which it abounded. To him, as to the early poets and sages, *Sôphrosynê*, or self-knowledge and self-command taken together, was the first and most necessary of all virtues. Unlike them, however, he does not simply accept it from tradition, but gives it a philosophical foundation—

the newly established distinction between mind and body; a distinction not to be confounded with the old psychism, although Plato, for his reforming purposes, shortly afterwards linked the two together. The disembodied spirit of mythology was a mere shadow or memory, equally destitute of solidity and of understanding; with Socrates, mind meant the personal consciousness that retains its continuous identity through every change, and as against every passing impulse. Like the humanists, he made it the seat of knowledge—more than the humanists, he gave it the control of appetite. In other words, he adds the idea of will to that of intellect; but instead of treating them as distinct faculties or functions, he absolutely identifies them. Mind having come to be first recognized as a knowing power, carried over its association with knowledge into the volitional sphere, and the two were first disentangled by Aristotle, though very imperfectly, even by him. Yet no thinker helped so much to make the confusion apparent as the one to whom it was due. Socrates deliberately insisted that those who knew the good must necessarily be good themselves. He taught that every virtue was a science; courage, for example, was a knowledge of the things that should or should not be feared; temperance, a knowledge of what should or should not be desired, and so forth. Such an account of virtue would, perhaps, be sufficient if all men did what, in their opinion, they ought to do; and, however strange it may seem, Socrates assumed that this actually was the case. The paradox, even if accepted at the moment by his youthful friends, was sure to be rejected, on examination, by cooler heads, and its rejection would prove that the whole doctrine was essentially unsound. Various causes prevented Socrates from perceiving what seemed so clear to duller intelligences than his. First of all, he did not separate duty from personal interest. A true Athenian, he recommended temperance and righteousness very largely, on account of the material advantages they secured. That the agreeable and the honorable, the expedient and the just, frequently came into collision, was at that time a rhetorical commonplace, and it might be supposed that, if they were shown to coincide, no motive to misconduct but ignorance could exist. Then, again, being accustomed to compare conduct of every kind with the practice of such arts as flute-playing, he had come to take knowl-

edge in a rather extended sense, just as we do when we say, indifferently, that a man knows geometry and that he knows how to draw. Aristotle himself did not see more clearly than Socrates that moral habits are only to be acquired by incessant practice, only the earlier thinker would have observed that knowledge of every kind is gained by the same laborious repetition of particular actions. To the obvious objection that, in this case, morality cannot, like theoretical truth, be imparted by the teacher to his pupils, but must be won by the learner for himself, he would probably have replied, that all truth is really evolved by the mind from itself, and that he for that very reason disclaimed the name of a teacher, and limited himself to the seemingly humbler task of awakening dormant capacities in others.

An additional influence, not the less potent because unacknowledged, was the same craving for a principle of unity that had impelled early Greek thought to seek for the sole substance or cause of physical phenomena in some single material element, whether water, air, or fire; and just as these various principles were finally decomposed into the multitudinous atoms of Leucippus, so also, but much more speedily, did the general principle of knowledge tend to decompose itself into innumerable cognitions of the partial ends or utilities which action was directed to achieve. Again, the need of a comprehensive generalization made itself felt, and all good was summed up under the head of happiness. The same difficulties recurred under another form. To define happiness proved not less difficult than to define use or practical knowledge. Three points of view offered themselves, and all three had been more or less anticipated by Socrates. Happiness might mean pleasure of every kind, or the exclusive cultivation of man's higher nature, or voluntary subordination to a larger whole. The founder of Athenian philosophy used to present each of these, in turn, as an end, without recognizing the possibility of a conflict between them; and it certainly would be a mistake to represent them as constantly opposed. Yet a truly scientific principle must either prove their identity, or make its choice among them, or discover something better. Plato seems to have taken up the three methods, one after the other, without coming to any very satisfactory conclusion. Aristotle identified the first two, but failed, or rather did not attempt to

harmonize them with the third. Succeeding schools tried various combinations, laying more or less stress on different principles at different periods, till the will of an omnipotent Creator was substituted for every human standard. With the decline of dogmatic theology we have seen them all come to life again, and the old battle is still being fought out under our eyes. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the method which we have placed first on the list is more particularly represented in England, the second in France, and the last in Germany. Yet they refuse to be separated by any rigid line of demarcation, and each tends either to combine with or to pass into one or both of the rival theories. Modern utilitarianism, as constituted by John Stuart Mill, although avowedly based on the paramount value of pleasure, in admitting qualitative differences among enjoyments, and in subordinating individual to social good, introduces principles of action that are not, properly speaking, hedonistic. Neither is the idea of the whole by any means free from ambiguity. We have party, church, nation, order, progress, race, humanity, and the sum total of sensitive beings, all putting in their claims to figure as that entity. Where the pursuit of any single end gives rise to conflicting pretensions, a wise man will check them by reference to the other accredited standards, and will cherish a not unreasonable expectation that the evolution of life is tending to bring them all into ultimate agreement.

Returning to Socrates, we must further note that his identification of virtue with science, though it does not express the whole truth, expresses a considerable part of it, especially if we remember that to him conduct meant not three-fourths but the whole of life. Only those who believe in the existence of intuitive and infallible moral perceptions can consistently maintain that nothing is easier than to know our duty, and nothing harder than to do it. Even then the intuitions must extend beyond general principles, and also inform us how and where to apply them. That no such inward illumination exists is sufficiently shown by experience; so much so that the mischief done by foolish people with good intentions has become proverbial. Modern casuists have indeed drawn a distinction between the intention and the act, making us responsible for the purity of the former, not for the consequences of the latter. Though based on the Socratic division

between mind and body, this distinction would not have commended itself to Socrates. His object was not to save souls from sin, but to save individuals, families, and States from the ruin that ignorance of fact entails.

If we enlarge our point of view so as to cover the moral influence of knowledge on society taken collectively, its relative importance will be vastly increased. When Auguste Comte assigns the supreme direction of progress to advancing science, and when Buckle, following Fichte, makes the totality of human action depend on the totality of human knowledge, they are virtually attributing to intellectual education an even more decisive part than it played in the Socratic ethics. Even those who reject the theory, when pushed to such an extreme, will admit that the same quantity of self-devotion must produce a far greater effect when it is guided by deeper insight into the conditions of existence.

The same principle may be extended in a different direction if we substitute for knowledge, in its narrower significance, the more general conception of associated feeling. We shall then see that belief, habit, emotion, and instinct are only different stages of the same process—the process by which experience is organized and made subservient to vital activity. The simplest reflex and the highest intellectual conviction are alike based on sensori-motor mechanism, and so far differ only through the relative complexity and instability of the nervous connections involved. Knowledge is life in the making, and when it fails to control practice fails only by coming into conflict with passion—that is to say, with the consolidated results of an earlier experience. Physiology offers another analogy to the Socratic method that must not be overlooked. Socrates recommended the formation of definite conceptions because, among other advantages, they facilitated the diffusion of useful knowledge. So, also, the organized associations of feelings are not only serviceable to individuals, but may be transmitted to offspring with a regularity proportioned to their definiteness. How naturally these deductions follow from the doctrine under consideration is evident from their having been, to a certain extent, already drawn by Plato. His plan for the systematic education of feeling under scientific supervision answers to the first; his plan for breeding an improved race of citizens by placing marriage under State control answers to

the second. Yet it is doubtful whether Plato's predecessor would have sanctioned any scheme tending to substitute an external compulsion, whether felt or not, for freedom and individual initiative, and a blind instinct for the self-consciousness that can give an account of its procedure at every step. He would bring us back from social physics and physiology to psychology, and from psychology to dialectic philosophy.

To Socrates himself the strongest reason for believing in the identity of conviction and practice was, perhaps, that he had made it a living reality. With him to know the right and to do it were the same. In this sense we have already said that his life was the first verification of his philosophy. And just as the results of ethical teaching can only be ideally separated from their application to his conduct, so also these results themselves cannot be kept apart from the method by which they were reached; nor is the process by which he reached them for himself distinguishable from the process by which he communicated them to his friends. In touching on this point we touch on that which is greatest and most distinctively original in the Socratic system, or rather in the Socratic impulse to systematization of every kind. What it was will be made clearer by reverting to the central conception of mind. With Protagoras mind meant an ever-changing stream of feeling; with Gorgias it was a principle of hopeless isolation, an interchange of thoughts between one consciousness and another, by means of signs, being an illusion. Socrates, on the contrary, attributed to it a steadfast control over passion, and a unifying function in society through its essentially synthetic activity, its need of co-operation and responsive assurance. He saw that the reason which overcomes animal desire tends to draw men together just as sensuality tends to drive them into hostile collision. If he recommended temperance on account of the increased egoistic pleasure that it secures, he recommended it also as making the individual a more efficient instrument for serving the community. If he inculcated obedience to the established laws it was no doubt partly on grounds of enlightened self-interest, but also because union and harmony among citizens were thereby secured. And if he insisted on the necessity of forming definite conceptions it was with the same twofold reference to personal and public advantage. Along

with the diffusive social character of mind he recognized its essential spontaneity. In a commonwealth where all citizens were free and equal there must also be freedom and equality of reason. Having worked out a theory of life for himself he desired that all other men should so far as possible pass through the same bracing discipline. Here we have the secret of his famous erotetic method. He did not, like the Sophists, give continuous lectures, nor profess, like some of them, to answer every question that might be put to him. On the contrary, he put a series of questions to all who came in his way, generally in the form of an alternative, one side of which seemed self-evidently true and the other self-evidently false, arranged so as to lead the respondent on, step by step, to the conclusion which it was desired that he should accept. Socrates did not invent this method. It had long been practised in the Athenian law-courts as a means for extracting from the opposite party admissions that could not be otherwise obtained, whence it had passed into the tragic drama, and into the discussion of philosophical problems. Nowhere else was the analytical power of Greek thought so brilliantly displayed; for before a contested proposition could be subjected to this mode of treatment it had to be carefully discriminated from confusing adjuncts, considered under all the various meanings that it might possibly be made to bear, subdivided, if it was complex, into two or more distinct assertions, and linked by a minute chain of demonstration to the admission by which its validity was established or overthrown.

Socrates, then, did not create the cross-examining elenchus, but he introduced into it two very important modifications. So far as we can make out, it had hitherto been only used (again, after the example of the law-courts) for the purpose of detecting errors or intentional deceit. He made it an instrument for introducing his own convictions into the minds of others, but so that his interlocutors seemed to be discovering them for themselves, and were certainly learning how in their turn to practise the same didactic interrogation on a future occasion. Of course Socrates also employed the erotetic method as a means of confutation, and, in his hands, it powerfully illustrated what we have called in a former paper the negative moment of Greek thought. To prepare the ground for new truth it was necessary to clear away the misconcep-

tions that were likely to interfere with its acceptance; or, if Socrates himself had nothing to impart, he could at any rate purge away the false conceit of knowledge from unformed minds, and hold them back from attempting difficult tasks until they were properly qualified for the undertaking. For example, a certain Glauco, a brother of Plato, had attempted to address the public assembly, when not yet twenty years of age, and naturally quite unfitted for the task. At Athens, where every citizen had a voice in his country's affairs, obstruction, whether intentional or not, was very summarily dealt with. Speakers who had nothing to say that was worth hearing were forcibly removed from the *bēma* by the police, and this fate had already more than once befallen the youthful orator, much to the annoyance of his friends, who could not prevail on him to refrain from repeating the experiment, when Socrates took the matter in hand. One or two adroit compliments on his ambition drew Glauco into a conversation with the veteran dialectician on the aims and duties of a statesman. It was agreed that his first object should be to benefit the country, and that a good way of achieving this end would be to increase its wealth, which again could be done either by augmenting the receipts or by diminishing the expenditure. Could Glauco tell what was the present revenue of Athens, and whence it was derived? No; he had not studied that question. — Well, then, perhaps he had some useful retrenchments to propose. — No; he had not studied that either. But the state might, he thought, be enriched at the expense of its enemies. — A good idea, if we can be sure of beating them first! Only to avoid the risk of attacking somebody who is stronger than ourselves, we must know what are the enemy's military resources as compared with our own. To begin with the latter: Can Glauco tell how many ships and soldiers Athens has at her disposal? — No, he does not at this moment remember. — Then, perhaps, he has it all written down somewhere? — He must confess not. So the conversation goes on until Socrates has convicted his ambitious young friend of possessing no accurate information whatever about political questions. Xenophon has recorded another dialogue in which a young man, named Euthydēmus, who was also in training for a statesman, and who, as he supposed, had learned a great deal more out of books than Socrates could teach him, is brought to see

how little he knows about ethical science. He is asked, Can a man be a good citizen without being just? — No, he cannot. — Can Euthydēmus tell what acts are just? — Yes, certainly, and also what are unjust. — Under which head does he put such actions as lying, deceiving, harming, enslaving? — Under the head of injustice. — But suppose a hostile people are treated in the various manners specified, is that unjust? — No, but it was understood that only one's friends were meant. — Well, if a general encourages his own army by false statements, or a father deceives his child into taking medicine, or your friend seems likely to commit suicide, and you purloin a deadly weapon from him, is that unjust? No, we must add "for the purpose of harming" to our definition. Socrates, however, does not stop here, but goes on cross-examining until the unhappy student is reduced to a state of hopeless bewilderment and shame. He is then brought to perceive the necessity of self-knowledge, which is explained to mean knowledge of one's own powers. As a further exercise Euthydēmus is put through his facings on the subject of good and evil. Health, wealth, strength, wisdom, and beauty are mentioned as unquestionable goods. Socrates shows, in the style long afterwards imitated by Juvenal, that they are only means towards an end, and may be productive of harm no less than good. — Happiness at any rate is an unquestionable good. — Yes, unless we make it consist of questionable goods like those just enumerated.

It is in this last conversation that the historical Socrates most nearly resembles the Socrates of Plato's "*Apologia*." Instead, however, of leaving Euthydēmus to the consciousness of his ignorance, as the latter would have done, he proceeds, in Xenophon's account, to direct the young man's studies according to the simplest and clearest principles; and we have another conversation where religious truths are instilled by the same catechetical process. Here the erotetic method is evidently a mere didactic artifice, and Socrates could easily have written out his lesson under the form of a regular demonstration. But there is little doubt that in other cases he used it as a means for giving increased precision to his own ideas, and also for testing their validity, that, in a word, the habit of oral communication gave him a familiarity with logical processes which could not otherwise have been acquired. The same cross-examination that acted as a spur on the

mind of the respondent, reacted as a bridle on the mind of the interrogator, obliging him to make sure beforehand of every assertion that he put forward, to study the mutual bearings of his beliefs, to analyze them into their component elements, and to examine the relation in which they collectively stood to the opinions generally accepted. It has already been stated that Socrates introduced two modifications into the erotetic method; we now see in what direction they tended. He made it a vehicle for positive instruction, and he also made it an instrument for self-discipline, a help to fulfilling the Delphic precept, "Know thyself." The second application was even more important than the first. With us literary training—that is, the practice of continuous reading and composition—is so widely diffused, that conversation has become rather a hindrance than a help to the cultivation of argumentative ability. The reverse was true when Socrates lived. Long familiarity with debate was unfavorable to the art of writing; and the speeches in Thucydides show how difficult it was still found to present close reasoning under the form of an uninterrupted exposition. The traditions of conversational thrust and parry survived in rhetorical prose; and the crossed swords of tongue-fence were represented by the bristling *chevaux de frise* of a labored antithetical arrangement where every clause received new strength and point from contrast with its opposing neighbor.

By combining the various considerations here suggested we shall arrive at a clearer understanding of the sceptical attitude commonly attributed to Socrates. There is, first of all, the negative and critical function exercised by him in common with many other constructive thinkers, and intimately associated with a fundamental law of Greek thought. Then there is the Attic courtesy and democratic spirit leading him to avoid any assumption of superiority over those whose opinions he is examining. And, lastly, there is the profound feeling that truth is a common possession, which no individual can appropriate as his peculiar privilege, because it can only be discovered, tested, and preserved by the united efforts of all.

Thus, then, the Socratic dialogue has a double aspect. It is, like all philosophy, a perpetual carrying of life into ideas, and ideas into life. Life is raised to a higher level by thought; thought, when brought into contact with life, gains movement and growth, assimilative and

reproductive power. If action is to be harmonized we must regulate it by universal principles; if our principles are to be efficacious they must be adopted; if they are to be adopted we must demonstrate to the satisfaction of our contemporaries. Language, consisting as it does almost entirely of abstract terms, furnishes the materials out of which alone such an ideal union can be framed. But men do not always use the same words, least of all, if they are abstract words, in the same sense, and therefore a preliminary agreement must be arrived at in this respect; a fact which Socrates was the first to recognize. Aristotle tells us that he introduced the custom of constructing general definitions into philosophy. The need of accurate verbal explanations is more felt in the discussion of ethical problems than anywhere else, if we take ethics in the only sense that Socrates would have accepted, as covering the whole field of mental activity. It is true that definitions are also employed in the mathematical and physical sciences, but there they are accompanied by illustrations borrowed from sensible experience, and would be unintelligible without them. Hence it has been possible for those branches of knowledge to make enormous progress, while the elementary notions on which they rest have not yet been satisfactorily analyzed. The case is entirely altered when mental dispositions have to be taken into account. Here abstract terms play much the same part as sensible intuitions elsewhere in steadying our conceptions, but without possessing the same invariable value, the experiences from which those conceptions are derived being exceedingly complex and, what is more, exceedingly liable to disturbance from unforeseen circumstances. Thus, by neglecting a series of minute changes the same name may come to denote groups of phenomena not agreeing in the qualities which alone it originally connoted. More than one example of such a gradual metamorphosis has already presented itself in the course of our investigation, and others will occur in the sequel. Where distinctions of right and wrong are involved it is of enormous practical importance that a definite meaning should be attached to words, and that they should not be allowed, at least without express agreement, to depart from the recognized acceptation: for such words, connoting as they do the approval or disapproval of mankind, exercise a powerful influence on conduct, so that their misap-

plication may lead to disastrous consequences. Where government by written law prevails, the importance of defining ethical terms immediately becomes obvious, for, otherwise, personal rule would be restored under the disguise of judicial interpretation. Roman jurisprudence was the first attempt on a great scale to introduce a rigorous system of definitions into legislation. We have seen, in a former article, how it tended to put the conclusions of Greek naturalistic philosophy into practical shape. We now see how, on the formal side, its determinations are connected with the principles of Socrates. And we shall not undervalue this obligation if we bear in mind that the accurate wording of legal enactments is not less important than the essential justice of their contents. Similarly, the development of Catholic theology required that its fundamental conceptions should be progressively defined. This alone preserved the intellectual character of Catholicism in ages of ignorance and superstition, and helped to keep alive the reason by which superstition was eventually overthrown. Mommsen has called theology the bastard child of religion and science. It is something that in the absence of the robust parent its features should be recalled and its tradition maintained even by an illegitimate offspring.

So far we have spoken as if the Socratic definitions were merely verbal; they were, however, a great deal more, and their author did not accurately discriminate between what at that stage of thought could not well be kept apart—explanations of words, practical reforms, and scientific generalizations. For example, in defining a ruler to be one who knew more than other men, he was departing from the common usages of language and showing not what was, but what ought to be true. And in defining virtue as wisdom, he was putting forward a new theory of his own instead of formulating the received connotation of a term. Still, after making every deduction, we cannot fail to perceive what an immense service was rendered to exact thought by introducing definitions of every kind into that department of enquiry where they were chiefly needed. We may observe also that a general law of Greek intelligence was here realizing itself in a new direction. The need of accurate determination had always been felt, but hitherto it had worked under the more elementary forms of time, space, and causality, or to employ the higher generalization of modern psychology, un-

der the form of contiguous association. The earlier cosmologies were all processes of circumscription; they were attempts to fix the limits of the universe, and, accordingly, that element which was supposed to surround the others was also conceived as their producing cause, or else (in the theory of Heraclitus) as typifying the rationale of their continuous transformation. For this reason Parmenides, when he identified existence with extension, found himself obliged to declare that extension was necessarily limited. Of all the physical thinkers Anaxagoras, who immediately precedes Socrates, approaches on the objective side most nearly to his standpoint. For the governing *nous* brings order out of chaos by segregating the confused elements, by separating the unlike and drawing the like together, which is precisely what definition does for our conceptions. Meanwhile Greek literature had been performing the same task in a more restricted province, first fixing events according to their geographical and historical positions, then assigning to each its proper cause, then, as Thucydides does, isolating the most important groups of events from their external connections, and analyzing the causes of complex changes into different classes of antecedents. The final revolution effected by Socrates was to substitute arrangement by difference and resemblance for arrangement by contiguity in coexistence and succession. To say that by so doing he created science is inexact, for science requires to consider nature under every aspect, including those which he systematically neglected; but we may say that he introduced the method which is most particularly applicable to mental phenomena, the method of ideal analysis, classification, and reasoning. For be it observed that Socrates did not limit himself to searching for the one in the many, he also, and perhaps more habitually, sought for the many in the one. He would take hold of a conception and analyze it into its various notes, laying them, as it were, piecemeal before his interlocutor for separate acceptance or rejection. If, for example, they could not agree about the relative merits of two citizens, Socrates would decompose the character of a good citizen into its component parts and bring the comparison down to them. A good citizen, he would say, increases the national resources by his administration of the finances, defeats the enemy abroad, wins allies by his diplomacy, appeases dissen-

sion by his eloquence at home. When the shy and gifted Charmides shrank from addressing a public audience on public questions, Socrates strove to overcome his nervousness by mercilessly subdividing the august *ecclesia* into its constituent classes. "Is it the fullers that you are afraid of?" he asked, "or the leather-cutters, or the masons, or the smiths, or the husbandmen, or the traders, or the lowest class of hucksters?"* Here the analytical power of Greek thought is manifested with still more searching effect than when it was applied to space and motion by Zeno.

Nor did Socrates only consider the whole conception in relation to its parts, he also grouped conceptions together according to their genera and founded logical classification. To appreciate the bearing of this idea on human interests it will be enough to study the disposition of a code. We shall then see how much more easy it becomes to bring individual cases under a general rule, and to retain the whole body of rules in our memory, when we can pass step by step from the most universal to the most particular categories. Now it was by jurists versed in the Stoic philosophy that Roman law was codified, and it was by Stoicism that the traditions of Socratic philosophy were most faithfully preserved.

Logical division is, however, a process going deeper than any fixed and formal distribution of topics, nor yet is it equivalent to the arrangement of genera and species, according to their natural affinities as in the admirable systems of Jussieu and Cuvier. It is something much more flexible and subtle, a carrying down into the minutest detail of that psychological law which requires, as a condition of perfect consciousness, that feelings, conceptions, judgments, and, generally speaking, all mental modes should be apprehended together with their contradictory opposites. Heraclitus had a dim perception of this truth when he taught the identity of antithetical couples, and it is more or less vividly illustrated by all Greek classic literature after him; but Socrates seems to have been the first who transformed it from a law of existence into a law of cognition; with him knowledge and ignorance, reason and passion, freedom and slavery, virtue and vice, right and wrong (*πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία*) were apprehend-

ed in inseparable connection, and were employed for mutual elucidation, not only in broad masses, but also through their last subdivisions, like the delicate adjustments of light and shade on a Venetian canvas. This method of classification by graduated descent and symmetrical contrast, like the whole dialectic system of which it forms a branch, is only suited to the mental phenomena for which it was originally devised; and Hegel committed a fatal error when he applied it to explain the order of external coexistence and succession. We have already touched on the essentially subjective character of the Socratic definition, and we shall presently have to make a similar restriction in dealing with Socratic induction. With regard to the question last considered, our limits will not permit us, nor, indeed, does it fall within the scope of our present study, to pursue a vein of reflection which was never fully worked out either by the Athenian philosophers or by their modern successors, at least not in its only legitimate direction.

After definition and division comes reasoning. We arrange objects in classes, that by knowing one or some we may know all. Aristotle attributes to Socrates the first systematic employment of induction as well as of general definitions. Nevertheless, his method was not solely inductive, nor did it bear more than a distant resemblance to the induction of modern science. His principles were not gathered from the particular classes of phenomena which they determined, or were intended to determine, but from others of an analogous character which had already been reduced to order. Observing that all handicrafts were practised according to well-defined, intelligible rules, leading, so far as they went, to satisfactory results, he required that life in its entirety should be similarly systematized. This was not so much reasoning as a demand for the more extended application of reasoning. It was a truly philosophic postulate, for philosophy is not science, but precedes and underlies it. Belief and action tend to divide themselves into two provinces, of which the one is more or less organized, the other more or less chaotic. We philosophize when we try to bring the one into order, and also when we test the foundations on which the order of the other reposes, fighting both against incoherent mysticism and against traditional routine. Such is the purpose that the most distinguished thinkers of modern times —

* Xenophon, Mem. iii. 7. We may incidentally notice that this passage is well worthy the attention of those who look on the Athenian *demos* as an idle and aristocratic body, supported by slave labor.

Francis Bacon, Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Auguste Comte, and Herbert Spencer, however widely they might otherwise differ — have, according to their respective lights, all set themselves to achieve. No doubt there is this vast difference between Socrates and his most recent successors that physical science is the great type of certainty, to the level of which they would raise all speculation, while with him it was the type of a delusion and an impossibility. The analogy of artistic production when applied to nature led him off on a completely false track, the ascription to conscious design of that which is in truth a result of mechanical causation. But now that the relations between the known and the unknown have been completely transformed, there is no excuse for repeating the fallacies which imposed on his vigorous understanding; and the genuine spirit of Socrates is best represented by those who, starting like him from the data of experience, are led to adopt a diametrically opposite conclusion. We may add, that the Socratic method of analogical reasoning gave a retrospective justification to early Greek thought, of which Socrates was not himself aware. Its daring generalizations were really an inference from the known to the unknown. To interpret all physical processes in terms of matter and motion is only assuming that the changes to which our senses cannot penetrate are homogeneous with the changes which we can feel and see. When Socrates argued that because the human body is animated by a consciousness, the material universe must therefore be similarly animated, Democritus might have answered that the world presents no appearance of being organized like an animal. When he argued that because statues and pictures are known to be the work of intelligence, the living models from which they are copied must be similarly due to design, Aristodêmus should have answered, that the former are seen to be manufactured, while the others are seen to grow. It might also have been observed, that if our own intelligence requires to be accounted for by a cause like itself, so also does the creative cause, and so on through an infinite regress of antecedents. Teleology has been destroyed by the Darwinian theory; but before the "Origin of Species" appeared, the slightest scrutiny might have shown that it was a precarious foundation for religious belief. If many thoughtful men are now turning away from theism, "natural theology"

may be thanked for the desertion. "I believe in God," says the German baron in "Thorndale," "until your philosophers demonstrate his existence." "And then?" asks a friend. "And then — I do not believe the demonstration."

Whatever may have been the errors into which Socrates fell he did not commit the fatal mistake of compromising his ethical doctrine by associating it indissolubly with his metaphysical opinions. Religion, with him, instead of being the source and sanction of all duty, simply brought in an additional duty — that of gratitude to the gods for their goodness. We shall presently see where he sought for the ultimate foundation of morality, after completing our survey of the dialectic method with which it was so closely connected. The induction of Socrates, when it went beyond that kind of analogical reasoning that we have just been considering, was mainly abstraction, the process by which he obtained those general conceptions or definitions which played so great a part in his philosophy. It was thus that on comparing the different virtues, as commonly distinguished, he found that they all agreed in requiring knowledge, which he accordingly concluded to be the essence of virtue. So other moralists have been led to conclude that right actions resemble one another in their felicitic quality, and in that alone. Similarly, political economists find, or formerly found (for we do not wish to be positive on the matter), that a common characteristic of all industrial employments is the desire to secure the maximum of profit with the minimum of trouble. Another comparison shows that value depends on the relation between supply and demand. Æsthetic enjoyments of every kind resemble one another by including an element of ideal emotion. It is a common characteristic of all cognitions that they are constructed by association out of elementary feelings. All societies are marked by a more or less developed division of labor. These are given as typical generalizations that have been reached by the Socratic method. They are all taken from the philosophic sciences — that is, the sciences dealing with phenomena that are partly determined by mind, and the systematic treatment of which is so similar that they are frequently studied in combination by a single thinker, and invariably so by the greatest thinkers of any. But were we to examine the history of the physical sciences, we should find that this method

of wide comparison and rapid abstraction cannot, as Francis Bacon imagined, be successfully applied to them. The facts with which they deal are not transparent, not directly penetrable by thought; hence they must be treated deductively. Instead of a front attack, we must, so to speak, take them in the rear. Bacon never made a more unfortunate observation than when he said that the syllogism falls far short of the subtlety of nature. Nature is even simpler than the syllogism, for she accomplishes her results by advancing from equation to equation. That which really does fall far short of her subtlety is precisely the Baconian induction with its superficial comparison of instances. No amount of observation could detect any resemblance between the bursting of a thunderstorm and the attraction of a loadstone, or between the burning of charcoal and the rusting of a nail.

But while philosophers cannot prescribe a method to physical science, they may to a certain extent bring it under their cognizance by disengaging its fundamental conceptions and assumptions, and showing that they are functions of mind; by arranging the special sciences in systematic order for purposes of study; and by investigating the law of their historical evolution. Furthermore, since psychology is the central science of philosophy, and since it is closely connected with physiology, which in turn reposes on the inorganic sciences, a certain knowledge of the objective world is indispensable to any knowledge of ourselves. Lastly, since the subjective sphere not only rests, once for all, on the objective, but is also in a continual state of action and reaction with it, no philosophy can be complete which does not take into account the constitution of things as they exist, independently of ourselves, in order to ascertain how far they are unalterable, and how far they may be modified to our advantage. We see, then, that Socrates, in restricting philosophy to human interests, was guided by a just tact; that in creating the method of dialectic abstraction, he created an instrument adequate to this investigation, but to this alone; and, finally, that human interests, understood in the largest sense, embrace a number of subsidiary studies which either did not exist when he taught, or which the inevitable superstitions of his age would not allow him to pursue.

It remains to consider another aspect of the dialectic method first developed on a great scale by Plato, and first fully de-

fined by Aristotle, but already playing a certain part in the Socratic teaching. This is the testing of common assumptions by pushing them to their logical conclusion, and rejecting those that lead to consequences inconsistent with themselves. So understood, dialectic means the complete elimination of inconsistency, and has ever since remained the most powerful weapon of philosophical criticism. To take an instance near at hand, it is constantly employed by thinkers so radically different as Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor T. H. Green; while it has been generalized into an objective law of nature and history, with dazzling, though only momentary success, by Hegel and his school.

Consistency is, indeed, the one word which, better than any other, expresses the whole character of Socrates, and the whole of philosophy as well. Here the supreme conception of mind reappears under its most rigorous, but, at the same time, its most beneficent aspect. It is the temperance that no allurements can surprise; the fortitude that no terror can break through; the justice that eliminates all personal considerations, egoistic and altruistic alike; the truthfulness that, with exactest harmony, fits words to meanings, meanings to thoughts, and thoughts to things; the logic that will tolerate no self-contradiction; the conviction that seeks for no acceptance unwon by reason; the liberalism that works for equality by raising all men to a level with the highest; the love that never changes, or doubts, or falters, because it has been originally won by the qualities to which alone an unalterable fidelity is due. It was the intellectual passion for consistency that made Socrates so great, and that fused his life into a flawless whole; but it was an unconscious motive power, and therefore he attributed to mere knowledge what knowledge alone could not supply. A clear perception of right cannot by itself secure the obedience of our will. High principles are not of any value, except to those in whom a discrepancy between practice and profession produces the sharpest anguish of which their nature is capable; a feeling like, though immeasurably stronger than that which women of exquisite sensibility experience when they see a candle set crooked or a table-cover awry. How moral laws have come to be established, and why they prescribe or prohibit certain classes of actions, are questions which still divide the schools, though with an increasing consensus of

authority on the utilitarian side: their ultimate sanction — that which, whatever they are, makes obedience to them truly moral — can hardly be sought elsewhere than in the same consciousness of logical stringency that determines, or should determine, our abstract beliefs.

Be this as it may, we venture to hope that a principle has been here suggested deep and strong enough to reunite the two halves into which historians have hitherto divided the Socratic system, or, rather, the beginning of that universal systematization called philosophy, which is not yet, and perhaps never will be, completed; a principle which is outwardly revealed in the character of the philosopher himself. With such an one, ethics and dialectics become almost indistinguishable through the similarity of their processes and the intermixture of their aims. Integrity of conviction enters, both as a means and as an element, into perfect integrity of conduct, nor can it be maintained where any other element of rectitude is wanting. Clearness, consecutiveness, and coherence are the morality of belief; while temperance, justice, and beneficence, taken in their widest sense and taken together, constitute the supreme logic of life.

It has already been observed that the thoughts of Socrates were thrown into shape for and by communication, that they only became definite when brought into vivifying contact with another intelligence. Such was especially the case with his method of ethical dialectic. Instead of tendering his advice in the form of a lecture, as other moralists have at all times been so fond of doing, he sought out some pre-existing sentiment or opinion, inconsistent with the conduct of which he disapproved, and then gradually worked round from point to point, until theory and practice were exhibited in immediate contrast. Here his reasoning, which is sometimes spoken of as exclusively inductive, was strictly syllogistic, being the application of a general law to a particular instance. With the growing emancipation of reason, we may observe a return to the Socratic method of moralization. Instead of rewards and punishments, which encourage selfish calculation, or examples, which stimulate a mischievous jealousy when they do not create a spirit of servile imitation, the judicious trainer will find his motive power in the pupil's incipient tendency to form moral judgments, which, when reflected on the individual's own actions,

become what we call a conscience. It was mentioned on a former occasion, that the celebrated golden rule of justice was already enunciated by Greek moralists in the fourth century B.C. Possibly it may have been first formulated by Socrates. In all cases it occurs in the writings of his disciples, and happily expresses the drift of his entire philosophy. The generalizing *ēthos* was, indeed, so natural to a noble Greek, that instances of it occur long before philosophy began. We find it in the famous question of Achilles: "Did not this whole war begin on account of a woman? Are the Atreidæ the only men who love their wives?" and in the now not less famous apostrophe to Lycaon, reminding him that an early death is the lot of far worthier men than he — utterances which come on us with the awful effect of lightning flashes, that illuminate the whole horizon of existence while they paralyze or destroy an individual victim.

The power that Socrates possessed of rousing other minds to independent activity and apostolic transmission of spiritual gifts was, as we have said, the second verification of his doctrine. Even those who, like Antisthenes and Aristippus, derived their positive theories rather from the Sophists than from him, preferred to be regarded as his followers; and Plato, from whom his ideas received their most splendid development, has acknowledged the debt by making that venerated figure the centre of his own immortal dialogues. A third verification is given by the subjective, practical, dialectic tendency of all subsequent philosophy properly so called. On this point we will content ourselves with mentioning one instance out of many, the recent declaration of Mr. Herbert Spencer that his whole system was constructed for the sake of its ethical conclusion.

Apart, however, from abstract speculation, the ideal method seems to have exercised an immediate and powerful influence on art, an influence which was anticipated by Socrates himself. In two conversations reported by Xenophon, he impresses on Parrhasius, the painter, and Cleito, the sculptor, the importance of so animating the faces and figures which they represented as to make them express human feelings, energies, and dispositions, particularly those of the most interesting and elevating type. And such, in fact, was the direction followed by imitative art after Pheidias, though not without degenerating into a

sensationalism which Socrates would have severely condemned. Another and still more remarkable proof of the influence exercised on plastic representation by ideal philosophy was, perhaps, not foreseen by its founder. We allude to the substitution of abstract and generic for historical subjects by Greek sculpture in its later stages, and not by sculpture only, but by dramatic poetry as well. For early art, whether it addressed itself to the eye or to the imagination, and whether its subjects were taken from history or from fiction, had always been historical in this sense, that it exhibited the performance of particular actions by particular persons in a given place and at a given time; the mode of presentment most natural to those whose ideas are mainly determined by contiguous association. The schools that came after Socrates let fall the limitations of concrete reality, and found the unifying principle of their works in association by resemblance, making their figures the personification of a single attribute or group of attributes, and bringing together forms distinguished by the community of their characteristics or the convergence of their functions. Thus Aphrodité no longer figured as the lover of Arès or Anchises, but as the personification of female beauty; while her statues were grouped together with images of the still more transparent abstractions, love, longing, and desire. Similarly Apollo became a personification of musical enthusiasm, and Dionysus of Bacchic inspiration. So also dramatic art, once completely historical, even with Aristophanes, now chose for its subjects such constantly recurring types as the ardent lover, the stern father, the artful slave, the boastful soldier, and the fawning parasite.

Nor was this all. Thought, after having, as it would seem, wandered away from reality in search of empty abstractions, by the help of those very abstractions regained possession of concrete existence, and acquired a far fuller intelligence of its complex manifestations. For each individual character is an assemblage of qualities, and can only be understood when those qualities, after having been separately studied, are finally recombined. Thus, biography is a very late production of literature, and although biographies are the favorite reading of those who most despise philosophy, they could never have been written without its help. Moreover, before characters can be described they must exist. Now, it is

partly philosophy that calls character into existence by sedulous inculcation of self-knowledge and self-culture, by consolidating a man's individuality into something independent of circumstances, so that it comes to form not a figure in a bas-relief but what sculptors call a figure in the round. Such was Socrates himself, and such were the figures that he taught Xenophon and Plato to recognize and portray. Character-drawing begins with them, and the "*Memorabilia*" in particular is the earliest attempt at a biographical analysis that we possess. From this to Plutarch's "*Lives*" there was still a long journey to be accomplished, but the interval between them is less considerable than that which divides Xenophon from his immediate predecessor Thucydides. And when we remember how intimately the substance of Christian teaching is connected with the literary form of its first record, we shall still better appreciate the all-penetrating influence of Hellenic thought, vying, as it does, with the forces of nature in subtlety and universal diffusion.

Besides transforming art and literature, the dialectic method helped to revolutionize social life, and the impulse communicated in this direction is still very far from being exhausted. We allude to its influence on female education. The intellectual blossoming of Athens was aided, in its first development, by a complete separation of the sexes. There were very few of his friends to whom an Athenian gentleman talked so little as to his wife. Colonel Mure aptly compares her position to that of an English house-keeper, with considerably less liberty than is enjoyed by the latter. Yet the union of tender admiration with the need for intelligent sympathy and the desire to awaken interest in noble pursuits existed at Athens in full force and created a field for its exercise. Wilhelm von Humboldt has observed that at this time chivalrous love was kept alive by customs which, to us, are intensely repellent. That so valuable a sentiment should be preserved and diverted into a more legitimate channel was an object of the highest importance. The naturalistic method of ethics did much, but it could not do all, for more was required than a return to primitive simplicity. Here the method of mind stepped in and supplied the deficiency. Reciprocity was the soul of dialectic as practiced by Socrates, and the dialectic of love demands a reciprocity of passion that can only exist between

the sexes. But in a society where the free intercourse of modern Europe was not permitted, the modern sentiment could not be reached at a single bound; and those who sought for the conversation of intelligent women had to seek for it among a class, of which Aspasia was the highest representative. Such women played a great part in later Athenian society; they attended philosophical lectures, furnished heroines to the new comedy, and on the whole gave a healthier tone to literature. Their successors, the Delias and Cynthias of Roman elegiac poetry, called forth strains of exalted affection that need nothing but a worthier object to place them on a level with the noblest expressions of tenderness that have since been heard. Here, at least, to understand is to forgive, and we shall be less scandalized than certain critics, we shall even refuse to admit that Socrates fell below the dignity of a moralist when we hear that he once visited a celebrated beauty of this class, Theodotê by name; that he engaged her in a playful conversation; and that he taught her to put more mind into her profession; to attract by something deeper than personal charms; to show at least an appearance of interest in the welfare of her lovers; and to stimulate their ardor by a studied reserve, granting no favor that had not been repeatedly and passionately sought after.

Xenophon gives the same interest a more edifying direction when he enlivens the dry details of his "*Cyropædia*" with touching episodes of conjugal affection, or presents lessons in domestic economy under the form of conversations between a newly-married couple. Plato in some respects transcends, in others falls short of his less-gifted contemporary. For his doctrine of love as an educating process — a true doctrine, all sneers and perversions notwithstanding — though readily applicable to the relation of the sexes, is not applied to them by him; and his project of a common training for men and women, though suggestive of a great advance on the existing system if rightly carried out, was, from his point of view, a retrograde step towards savage or even animal life, an attempt to throw half the burdens incident to a military organization of society on those who had become absolutely incapable of bearing them.

Fortunately the dialectic method proved stronger than its own creators, and once set going introduced feelings and experiences of which they had never dreamed within the horizon of philosophic con-

sciousness. It was found that if women had much to learn, much also might be learned from them. Their wishes could not be taken into account without giving a greatly increased prominence in the guidance of conduct to such sentiments as fidelity, purity, and pity, and to that extent the religion which they helped to establish has, at least in principle, left no room for any further progress. On the other hand, it was only by reason that the more exclusively feminine impulses could be freed from their primitive narrowness and elevated into truly human emotions. Love, when left to itself, causes more pain than pleasure, for the words of the old idyll still remain true that associate it with jealousy as cruel as the grave; pity, without prevision, creates more suffering than it relieves, and blind fidelity is instinctively opposed even to the most beneficent changes. We are still suffering from the excessive preponderance which Catholicism gave to the ideas of women; but we need not listen to those who tell us that the varied experiences of humanity cannot be organized into a rational, consistent, self-supporting whole.

A survey of the Socratic philosophy would be incomplete without some comment on an element in the life of Socrates, which at first sight seems to lie altogether outside philosophy. There is no fact in his history more certain than that he believed himself to be constantly accompanied by a *dæmonium*, a divine voice often restraining him, even in trifling matters, but never prompting to positive action. That it was neither conscience in our sense of the word, nor a supposed familiar spirit, is now generally admitted. Even those who believe in the supernatural origin and authority of our moral feelings do not credit them with a power of divining the accidentally good or evil consequences which may attend on our most trivial and indifferent actions: while, on the other hand, those feelings have a positive, no less than a negative function, which is exhibited whenever the performance of good deeds becomes a duty. That the *dæmonium* was not a personal attendant is proved by the invariable use of an indefinite neuter adjective to designate it. How the phenomenon itself should be explained is a question for professional pathologists. We have here to account for the interpretation put upon it by Socrates, and this, in our judgment, follows quite naturally from his characteristic mode of thought. That the gods should signify their pleasure by visible

signs and public oracles was an experience familiar to every Greek. Socrates conceiving God as a mind diffused through the whole universe would look for traces of the divine presence in his own mind, and would readily interpret any inward suggestion not otherwise to be accounted for as a manifestation of this all-pervading power. Why it should invariably appear under the form of a restraint is less obvious. The only explanation seems to be that as a matter of fact such mysterious feelings, whether the product of unconscious experience or not, do habitually operate as deterrents rather than as incentives.

This dæmonium, whatever it may have been, formed one of the ostensible grounds on which its possessor was prosecuted and condemned to death for impiety. We might have spared ourselves the trouble of going over the circumstances connected with that tragical event had not various attempts been made in some well-known works to extenuate the significance of a singularly atrocious crime. The case stands thus. In the year 399 B.C. Socrates, who was then over seventy, and had never in his life been brought before a law-court, was indicted on the threefold charge of introducing new divinities, of denying those already recognized by the State, and of corrupting young men. His principal accuser was one Melétus, a poet, supported by Lycon, a rhetorician, and by a much more powerful backer, Anytus, a leading citizen in the restored democracy. The charge was tried before a large popular tribunal, numbering some five hundred members. Socrates regarded the whole affair with profound indifference. When urged to prepare a defence, he replied with justice, that he had been preparing it his whole life long. He could not, indeed, have easily foreseen what line the prosecutors would take. Our own information on this point is meagre enough, being principally derived from allusions made by Xenophon, who was not himself present at the trial. There seems, however, no unfairness in concluding that the charge of irreligion neither was nor could be substantiated. The evidence of Xenophon is quite sufficient to establish the unimpeachable orthodoxy of his friend. If it really was an offence at Athens to believe in gods unrecognized by the State, Socrates was not guilty of that offence, for his dæmonium was not a new divinity, but a revelation from the established divinities, such as individual believers have

at all times been permitted to receive even by the most jealous religious communities. The imputation of infidelity commonly and indiscriminately brought against all philosophers was a particularly unhappy one to fling at the great opponent of physical science, who besides was noted for the punctual discharge of his religious duties. That the first two counts of the indictment should be so frivolous raises a strong prejudice against the third. The charges of corruption seem to have come under two heads—alleged encouragement of disrespect to parents, and of disaffection against democratic institutions. In support of the former, some innocent expressions let fall by Socrates seem to have been taken up and cruelly perverted. By way of stimulating his young friends to improve their minds, he had observed that relations were only of value when they could help one another, and that to do so they must be properly educated. This was twisted into an assertion that ignorant parents might properly be placed under restraint by their better-informed children. That such an inference could not have been sanctioned by Socrates himself is obvious from his insisting on the respect due even to so intolerable a mother as Xanthippe. The political opinions of the defendant presented a more vulnerable point for attack. He thought the custom of choosing magistrates by lot absurd, and did not conceal his contempt for it. There is, however, no reason for believing that such purely theoretical criticisms were forbidden by law or usage at Athens. At any rate, much more revolutionary sentiments were tolerated on the stage. That Socrates would be no party to a violent subversion of the constitution, and would regard it with high disapproval, was abundantly clear both from his life and from the whole tenor of his teaching. In opposition to Hippias, he defined justice as obedience to the law of the land. The chances of the lot had, on one memorable occasion, called him to preside over the deliberations of the Sovereign Assembly. A proposition was made, contrary to law, that the generals who were accused of having abandoned the crews of their sunken ships at Arginusæ should be tried in a single batch. In spite of tremendous popular clamor, Socrates refused to put the question to the vote on the single day for which his office lasted. The just and resolute man, who would not yield to the unrighteous demands of a crowd, had shortly afterwards to face the threats of

a frowning tyrant. When the Thirty were installed in power, he publicly, and at the risk of his life, expressed disapproval of their sanguinary proceedings. The oligarchy, wishing to involve as many respectable citizens as possible in complicity with their crimes, sent for five persons, of whom Socrates was one, and ordered them to bring a certain Leo from Salamis, that he might be put to death; the others obeyed, but Socrates refused to accompany them on their disgraceful errand. Nevertheless, it told heavily against the philosopher that Alcibiades, the most mischievous of demagogues, and Critias, the most savage of aristocrats, passed for having been educated by him. It was remembered, also, that he was in the habit of quoting a passage from Homer, where Odysseus is described as appealing to the reason of the chiefs, while he brings inferior men to their senses with rough words and rougher chastisement. In reality, Socrates did not mean that the poor should be treated with brutality by the rich, for he would have been the first to suffer had such license been permitted, but he meant that where reason failed harsher methods of coercion must be applied. Precisely because expressions of opinion let fall in private conversation are so liable to be misunderstood, or purposely perverted, to adduce them in support of a capital charge where no overt act can be alleged, is the most dangerous form of encroachment on individual liberty.

Modern critics, beginning with Hegel, have discovered reasons for considering Socrates a dangerous character, which apparently did not occur to Melétus and his associates. We are told that the whole system of applying dialectics to morality had an unsettling tendency, for if men were once taught that the sacredness of duty rested on their individual conviction, they might refuse to be convinced and act accordingly. And it is further alleged that Socrates first introduced this principle of subjectivity into morals. The persecuting spirit is so insatiable that in default of acts it attacks opinions, and in default of specific opinions it fastens on general tendencies. We know that Joseph de Maistre was suspected by his ignorant neighbors of being a revolutionist because most of his time was spent in study; and but the other day a French preacher was sent into exile by his ecclesiastical superiors for daring to support Catholic morality on rational grounds. Fortunately Greek

society was not subject to the rules of the Dominican order. Never anywhere in Greece, certainly not at Athens, did there exist that solid, all-comprehensive, unquestionable fabric of traditional obligation assumed by Hegel; and Zeller is conceding far too much when he defends Socrates, on the sole ground that the recognized standards of right had fallen into universal contempt during the Peloponnesian war, while admitting that he might fairly have been silenced at an earlier period, if indeed his teaching could have been conceived as possible before it actually began. For from the first, both in literature and in life, Greek thought is distinguished by an ardent desire to get to the bottom of every question, and to discover arguments of universal applicability for every decision. Even in the youth of Pericles knotty ethical problems were eagerly discussed without any interference on the part of the public authorities. Experience had to prove how far-reaching was the effect of ideas before a systematic attempt could be made to control them.

In what terms Socrates replied to his accusers cannot be stated with absolute certainty. Reasons have been already given for believing that the speech put into his mouth by Plato is not entirely historical; and here we may mention as a further reason that the specific charges mentioned by Xenophon are not even alluded to in it. Thus much, however, is clear, that the defence was of a thoroughly dignified character, and that while the allegations of the prosecution were successfully rebutted, the defendant stood entirely on his innocence, and refused to make any of the customary but illegal appeals to the compassion of the court. We are assured that he was condemned solely on this ground, and by a very small majority. Melétus had demanded the penalty of death, but by Attic law Socrates had the right of proposing some milder sentence as an alternative. According to Plato he began by stating that the justest return for his entire devotion to the public good would be maintenance at the public expense during the remainder of his life, an honor usually granted to victors at the Olympic games. In default of this he proposed a fine of thirty minæ, to be raised by contributions among his friends. According to another account* he refused, on the ground of his innocence, to name any alternative pen-

* In the "*Apologia*" attributed to Xenophon.

alty. On a second division Socrates was condemned to death by a much larger majority than that which had found him guilty, eighty of those who had voted for his acquittal now voting for his execution.

Such was the transaction which some moderns, Grote among the number, holding Socrates to be one of the best and wisest of men, have endeavored to excuse. Their argument is that the illustrious victim was jointly responsible for his own fate, and that he was really condemned not for his teaching, but for contempt of court. To us it seems that this is a distinction without a difference. What has been so finely said of space and time may be said also of the Socratic life and the Socratic doctrine; each of them was contained entire in every point of the other. Such as he appeared to the dicastery such also he appeared everywhere, always, and to all men, offering them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If conduct like his was not permissible in a court of law, then it was not permissible at all; if justice could not be administered without reticences, evasions, and disguises, where was sincerity ever to be practised? If reason was not to be the paramount arbiter in questions of public interest, what issues could ever be entrusted to her decision? Admit every extenuating circumstance that the utmost ingenuity can devise, and from every point of view one fact will come out clearly, that Socrates was impeached as a philosopher, that he defended himself like a philosopher, and that he was condemned to death because he was a philosopher. Those who attempt to remove this stain from the character of the Athenian people will find that, like the blood-stain on Blue-beard's key, when it is rubbed out on one side it reappears on the other. To punish Socrates for his teaching, or for the way in which he defended his teaching, was equally persecution and persecution of the worst description, that which attacks not the results of free thought but free thought itself. We cannot then agree with Grote when he says that the condemnation of Socrates "ought to count as one of the least gloomy items in an essentially gloomy catalogue." On the contrary, it is the gloomiest of any because it reveals a depth of hatred for pure reason in vulgar minds that might otherwise have remained unsuspected. There is some excuse for other persecutors, for Caiaphas and St. Dominic and Calvin; for the Inquisition, and for the authors of the dragnonnades; for the judges of Giordano

Bruno and the judges of Vanini; they were striving to exterminate particular opinions, which they believed to be both false and pernicious; there is no such excuse for the Athenian dicasts, least of all for those eighty who, having pronounced Socrates innocent, sentenced him to death because he reasserted his innocence; if, indeed, innocence be not too weak a word to describe his lifelong battle against that very irreligion and corruption which were laid to his charge. Here in this one cause the great central issue between two abstract principles, the principle of authority and the principle of reason, was cleared from all adventitious circumstances, and disputed on its own intrinsic merits with the usual weapons of argument on the one side and brute force on the other. On that issue Socrates was finally condemned, and on it his judges must be condemned by us.

Neither can we admit Grote's further contention that in no Greek city but Athens would Socrates have been permitted to carry on his cross-examining activity for so long a period. On the contrary, we agree with Colonel Mure that in no other State would he ever have been molested. Xenophanes and Parmenides, Heracleitus and Democritus, had given utterance to far bolder opinions than his, opinions radically destructive of Greek religion, apparently without running the slightest personal risk; while Athens had more than once before shown the same spirit of fanatical intolerance, though without proceeding to such a fatal extreme, thanks, probably, to the timely escape of her intended victims. M. Ernest Renan has quite recently contrasted the freedom of thought accorded by Roman despotism with the narrowness of old Greek republicanism, quoting what he calls the Athenian inquisition, as a sample of the latter. The word inquisition is not too strong, only the lecturer should not have led his audience to believe that Greek republicanism was in this respect fairly represented by its most brilliant type, for had such been the case very little free thought would have been left for Rome to tolerate.

During the month's respite that was accidentally allowed him, Socrates had one more opportunity of displaying that steadfast obedience to the law which had been one of his great guiding principles through life. The means of escaping from prison were offered to him, but he refused to avail himself of them, that the implicit contract of loyalty to which, as

He conceived, his citizenship had bound him, might be preserved unbroken. Nor was death unwelcome to him, although it is not true that he courted it, any desire to figure as a martyr being quite alien from the noble simplicity of his character. But he had reached an age when the daily growth in wisdom which for him alone made life worth living, seemed likely to be exchanged for a gradual and melancholy decline. That this past progress was a good in itself he never doubted, whether it was to be continued in other worlds, or succeeded by the happiness of an eternal sleep. And we may be sure that he would have held his own highest good to be equally desirable for the whole human race, even with the clear prevision that its collective aspirations and efforts cannot be prolonged forever.

Two philosophers only can be named who, in modern times, have rivalled or approached the moral dignity of Socrates. Like him, Spinoza realized his own ideal of a good and happy life. Like him, Giordano Bruno, without a hope of future recompense, chose death rather than be unfaithful to the highest truth, and death, too, under its most terrible form, not painless extinction by hemlock, but the agonizing dissolution that was intended to serve as a foretaste of everlasting fire. Yet with neither can the parallel be extended further; for Spinoza, wisely perhaps, refused to face the storms that a public profession and propagation of his doctrine would have raised; and the wayward career of Giordano Bruno was not in keeping with its heroic end. The complex and distracting conditions in which their lot was cast did not permit them to attain that statuesque completeness which marked the classic age of Greek life and thought. Those times developed a wilder energy, a more stubborn endurance, a sweeter purity than any that the ancient world had known. But until the scattered elements are recombined in a still loftier harmony, our sleepless thirst for perfection can be satisfied at one spring alone. Pericles must remain the ideal of statesmanship. Pheidias of artistic production, and Socrates of philosophic power.

Before the ideas which we have passed in review could go forth on their world-conquering mission, it was necessary, not only that Socrates should die, but that his philosophy should die also, by being absorbed into the more splendid generalizations of Plato's system. That system has, for some time past, been made an

object of close study in our most famous seats of learning, and a certain acquaintance with it has almost become part of a liberal education in England. No better source of inspiration combined with discipline could be found; but we shall understand and appreciate Plato still better by first extricating the nucleus round which his speculations have gathered in successive deposits, and this we can only do with the help of Xenophon, whose little work also well deserves attention for the sake of its own chaste and candid beauty. The relation in which it stands to the Platonic writings may be symbolized by an example familiar to the experience of every traveller. As sometimes, in visiting a Gothic cathedral, we are led through the wonders of the more modern edifice — under soaring arches, over tessellated pavements, and between long rows of clustered columns, past frescoed walls, storied windows, carved pulpits, and sepulchral monuments, with all their endless wealth of mythologic imagery — down into the oldest portion of any, the bare, stern crypt, severe with the simplicity of early art, resting on pillars taken from an ancient temple, and enclosing the tomb of some martyred saint, to whose glorified spirit an office of perpetual intercession before the mercy-seat is assigned, and in whose honor all that external magnificence has been piled up; so, also, we pass through the manifold and marvellous constructions of Plato's imagination to that austere memorial where Xenophon has enshrined with pious care under the great primary divisions of old Hellenic virtue, an authentic record of one standing foremost among those who, having worked out their own deliverance from the powers of darkness, would not be saved alone, but published the secret of redemption though death were the penalty of its disclosure, and who, by their transmitted influence even more than by their eternal example, are still contributing to the progressive development of all that is most rational, most consistent, most social, and therefore most truly human in ourselves.

From Temple Bar.

A TRIP: AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

CHAPTER I.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, towards the end of the season, when a Lancer orderly dashes up, as only the

English dragoon can, to a door in Eaton Square. Half a dozen eager hands offer to take the despatch he carries, but the attendant porter, with an alacrity he would not have shown to the commander-in-chief himself, comes out and takes the letter.

"Captain Manners, 25th Hussars, lives here?" asks the soldier, as he hands it to him.

"Yes. Leastways Sir Ralph Oatleigh, his brother-in-law, does, and he is staying with him," answers the bulky drone, as he glances curiously at the slim, smart young fellow who wheels his horse round with a pressure of his heel, a turn of his wrist, and trots off, to the admiration of the loiterers, and the sorrow of the womankind, who, from the neighboring areas and attics, compare him advantageously with their lovers, in blue or red, as their tendency may be towards the civil or military guardians of their hearths.

A few hours later and Lady Oatleigh, with her brother, her husband, and his sister, are settling themselves in a box at Covent Garden for the last night of Patti.

"Must you go, Nol?"

"I fancy when it comes to having to report my departure from the port of embarkation for the information of H.R.H., the commander-in-chief, it looks rather like it, Lil!"

"What a bore! I thought we should have such a pleasant time of it, going up the west coast. Gladys was looking forward to it more than she cares to admit. Weren't you, darling?" says Manners's sister archly, regardless of the mute, appealing glance of the beautiful girl who in the last few minutes has become unusually pale and quiet.

"I tell you what, suppose we strike out a new line. Holmestirke asked me only this morning if I knew a good forest yet unlet. I might let him have Clach Goile for the season, send the 'Merlin' round to Marseilles, and we three could see Master Oliver as far as Bombay, at all events."

"Oh! that would be too delightful, Ralph!" cries his wife, while the color comes back with a rush to the pale cheeks, on which a pair of passionate dark eyes have been for some time fixed with anxious looks, as their owner, Gladys, has been painfully aware.

"Why not go a step farther, if you do not fear the heat in the Red Sea at this time of the year? It is rather awful, I must confess. It's nothing of a journey

now by railway to Umballa—come on there with me; run up and take a look at Simla and the country round about. By the time you are tired of the hills, the weather and sport in the plains will be worth far more than you will leave behind you in Scotland, and you can be back in plenty of time for the opening of Parliament."

"Not a bad idea!—if Lil and Gladys don't mind roughing it a little, and if Dizzy don't spring a mine and dissolve us into thin air when I am in the eternal snows."

"No fear, Ralph! There are too many irons in the fire to be beaten into shape for electoral criticism within the next six months at least."

"I dare say you are right. Shall we say agreed, *nem. con.*?" asks the member for Cairnshire. And the grateful, sparkling eyes which look up into his kindly face answer "Yes," emphatically.

CHAPTER II.

THE moon is full. There is not a ripple on the water as the Oatleighs and Oliver Manners step on board the boat for Calais.

"This is quite charming!" is their chorus, as the swift packet skims across the glass-like Channel, and the snow-white cliffs with the firely lights of Dover, gradually disappear in the sinking horizon.

"Yes. This cool, salt air seems the very antithesis of the stuffiness of Belgravia. But are you sure, Lil, you won't regret the wild west coast when you find yourself sailing in the Red Sea, with nothing but arid sand on either side to gaze at?"

"I have counted the cost, Nol. I am not likely to grieve when the dream of my life is about to be realized. I cannot tell you how I have longed to see India, and I could almost kiss your ugly old military secretary—I am sure he must be a horror—for sending you the order which has brought it within my grasp."

"I hope you won't be disappointed," answers Manners. "I dare say, as T. G.'s, you will find it very delightful. For myself, I confess I look upon it as a place of banishment, on the absence of which the German is much to be congratulated."

"Ah!" remarks Oatleigh, as he lights a cigar and goes forward—"the old story. The aviary may be a charming place to all but those who are obliged to live in it!"

A few days later they are gliding out of the harbor at Marseilles. Sweeping past the island which genius has associated with the name of Monte Cristo, the "Merlin" shakes out her snow-white canvas with the smartness of one of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in a few minutes they are bearing straight away for Malta.

"Now, at last, I feel as if we were really going to the land of palms and tigers, gold and pearls. I have feared so that at the last moment, Ralph, you might change your mind!" says his wife, as they lean over the side and watch the dancing water hiss past them in the phosphorescent beauty of a Mediterranean summer night. "'Tis too nice of you to have carried out that happy thought of taking us with Nol."

"Entirely selfish, darling, as men ever were, you know! I only wanted a decent excuse to let the forest, and save the rent for the contest which must come off shortly. Besides, I have often had a hankering after India myself, but I did not know how to manage it."

"And never told me! oh, how like a man. Here, Puck, come and listen to your foolish master, who has so long denied himself and me this charming trip!" and she takes into her arms the little pug she could not bring herself to leave behind.

"Take care, Lil, or he may find himself cantering about inside a shark presently. He would be a nicer *hors d'œuvre* than we were favored with at dinner to-day!" says Oatleigh, while an amused expression steals over his face as he glances at his sister, and thoughtfully pulls his fair moustache.

"Ah," murmurs Manners, who hates the thought of going to India for far more cogent reasons; "it was our last chance of a civilized meal utterly thrown away!"

"Oh! what are you men coming to?" laughs Lady Oatleigh. "I believe that clubs and messes have utterly spoilt you for the fare you find elsewhere. The wives of the next generation, if they marry at all, will wed a *chef's* diploma as well as a heavy banker's balance!"

The week since they drove to Charing Cross is coming to an end as they run up the Grand Harbor, and the "Merlin," dipping her colors to the admiral, takes up her berth, preparatory to the three days' play they propose giving themselves on shore.

"This is like a delightful dream of color and of sound, Gladys," says her

sister next morning as they walk about on deck, under the grateful awning, before they land. "And don't you feel a trifling sense of '*Civis Romanus sum*,' when you see all these ships and blue jackets, forts, guns, and soldiers, hear the bands, bugles, drums, and think how we have planted our conquering feet in successive steps all the world over?"

"I had not thought so much of that, Lil, as of the strange and picturesque contrasts and effects on every side. That brown urchin there, with his well-affected shiver, while he cries out 'Me for dive, señor,' is a perfect model. He and his grotesquely painted, queer-shaped boat on the bright blue water, with the dazzling palaces in the background, would make the name and fortune of an artist who would transfer it worthily to canvas."

"Ah! Why is not every one gifted with the power to transcribe such scenes for the benefit of the less fortunate who stay at home, or why cannot we all live amongst things bright and beautiful?"

"Should we always like blank verse, perpetual sunshine?"

"Probably not. Though I confess that I am not sorry to think we shall have the latter, more or less, for the next few months."

CHAPTER III.

"I AM afraid, Lil, you begin to feel the heat. Won't you be advised, and turn back before it is too late? This is nothing to what you will find it on this side of Aden," says Manners, as they pant on the top of the citadel at Cairo, and see the great fiery globe sink gloriously to rest behind the distant pyramids.

"Not if Gladys will go through it with me. What do you say? Shall we go back and be laughed at by the home cruisers because we found the inevitable thorns with our roses?"

"I?" answers her sister, looking up with a flushed face from the colored sketch which she has taken with the rapid brush of the true artist. "As yet I have gathered nothing but flowers of the most brilliant hue, as my portfolio scantily may testify. Wounds I have found none of, yet!" holding up her taper fingers, gaily.

"I do not doubt it," thinks Lady Oatleigh, as she sees her handsome brother help "the Gladys" to put up her things. "I wonder if this trip will bring things to a point? I am sure I would not have undertaken such a journey but for her sake. Why are men so backward in coming forward? Here he has been

spending the whole of his year's leave almost in her pocket, and made the dear girl as much his slave in fact as any of the poor creatures we see here, and yet, with no obstacle that I can see, he evidently would have gone back to his regiment without a word! Truly, my brother, I do not understand you, or many of the ways of your kind!"

Next day they join the "Merlin," which had gone through the canal to Suez, and lose no time in shaking the dust off their feet at that little-attractive place.

"Did the Israelites really cross here, Ralph, do you think?" asks his wife, as they steam steadily eastwards from the sand-choked port.

"Ah! who can say? Stranger things might happen than, as in the sailor's yarn, Pharaoh's chariot-wheels coming up with the anchor hereabouts. It's not pleasant to look on every side in this barren land and think that in ancient days it teemed with wealth and people."

"And so it will again," says Manners, "when misrule is abolished, and capital is attracted by good government. Given ten years of a John Lawrence as khedive, and there would be no want of straw for the bricks which would build up a greater prosperity than Egypt knew even in its days of pristine glory."

"Does that picturesque Arab do anything but sleep, I wonder?" asks Gladys softly, as she looks at the bundle of shawls and white cotton, topped by a turban, which has squatted motionless on the bridge since they left Suez.

"He, or one like him, is supposed to be necessary for the safety of every ship going up or down this sea of hidden perils," replies Manners; "but I can answer for it that they have more than once been useless."

"Ah! then pilots are no more to be implicitly trusted here than in the Shires!"

"Come, don't be too hard!" he pleads, half-laughingly, half in earnest. "If I did lead you into a gravel-pit, we can safely say we are about the only two in the world who took such a leap and lived, with our horses, to tell the tale."

"Yes; thanks to the water which all but drowned us!" she answers lightly; but there is a depth of feeling in her soft grey eyes as they meet his, which calls up many a thought and makes them silent, while memory paints the bygone scenes never again perhaps to be visited by both.

As Manners had predicted, the heat was terrible; but the head wind which delayed their progress rendered it bear-

able, and when at last they got to Aden, even the red and yellow-haired Somalies, the Arab ostrich-feather sellers, in every shade of color and degree of scanty clothing, were welcomed as the outward and visible signs that the trying stage was over. And as they drove up to the wondrous tanks, and enjoyed the luncheon at the ever-hospitable mess, they felt like those who have successfully negotiated the bank-full brook which has stopped so many.

CHAPTER IV.

HARDLY have they dropped the anchor in the beautiful harbor of Bombay, when a boat comes off with a handsomely-dressed peon, who delivers a letter, with many salaams and Oriental expressions of respect.

"Here is a note from Burnton, asking us all to stay with him until we go up country," says Oatleigh, giving it to his wife.

"How kind! But how did he know we were here?"

"Well, I suppose the semaphore is responsible for the rapidity of his information. But when we had made up our minds to come out, I looked up all my friends, wrote to those out here, and got introductions to others who may be useful; for this is not quite a land for Cook's coupons yet."

"Heaven be praised!" says Manners.

The smart English-built carriage, the Persian-Gulf Arab horses, the turbaned coachman and footmen, were waiting for them as they landed, and in the pleasant drive to Malabar Hill they find at every yard fresh food for wonder and admiration, which culminate on driving up to the chief justice's magnificent house overlooking the bay.

"How charming!" is Lady Oatleigh's exclamation as they enter the *porte cochère*, and Sir Pennithorne Burnton, followed by a staff of native peons and domestics of all grades, comes out to receive his old Christ-Church friend.

"Welcome to India!" he says heartily, as he gives them that hand-clasp which shows the heart and muscle are equally true and firm. "I little thought before I got your letter that I should see any such friends until I managed to get home. I must try to make things so that you may send out others. Though I fear it is too early yet for much that goes to make our life pleasant in the colder weather."

And for a week they enjoy the hospitality for which India is so justly famous.

"I am so sorry to leave you, Sir Pen-nithorne, I can't tell you how I have delighted in all that you have done for us. There was but one drawback!"

"And that, Lady Oatleigh?" eagerly asks her enthusiastic host, with the air of one who would give half his kingdom to gratify her fancy.

"Please do away with those terrible towers of silence! I can never get over the awful feelings they fill me with."

"Ah!" he answers with a sigh; "you will see much before your return which will be more repulsive, yet more easily removed. Try to pay me a visit on your way home and tell me if it is not so."

And with a conditional promise they part sadly, for in India friendships ripen quickly.

The miseries of the bullock shigram and dāk carriages have been swept away, with their attendant joys of a picnic kind of travelling, by the iron horse and its quick *trajet*, so that Agra with its marble Taj is soon before the travellers, and then Umballa, where Manners has to join.

"I shall certainly buy some more East India Railway stock when we get home," says Oatleigh, as their long journey is ended by driving off to the house of the general of division. "It's quite a model line, and those double-roofed carriages are the best I ever travelled in."

"You have never gone from St. Petersburg to Moscow, then, Ralph?" remarks Manners. "There you can have a *cabinet particulier*, containing a table, easy-chair, sofa-bed, etc., all to yourself for a couple of roubles over the ordinary fare. When you are tired of your own company, you wander down a long passage to the *salon*, where the rest of your fellow-travellers are smoking, playing cards, chess, talking, reading. At night you find a most comfortable bed ready for you, and in the morning, by going up a spiral staircase, you have a refreshing bath, not *en l'air*! on the top of the carriage."

"How about the tunnels and bridges?"

"There are none. The country is as flat as a pancake, and local traffic exists in the future only."

"Let us go home that way, Ralph, and down the Baltic," cries Lady Oatleigh, who, having tasted the pleasure of perpetual motion, gipsy-like, hates the idea of remaining stationary.

"Yes!" answers her husband, drily. "Let me see. It's very simple. The yacht must meet us first at Calcutta, afterwards at its antipodes. A run through the Straits and up to Peking will take no

time, and then a quiet promenade through China will land us on the banks of the Irtysh, down which we can sail to Tobolsk. The distance on to Moscow, *via* Perm and Nijni Novgorod, would be a mere trifle!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" cries Gladys, laughing. "Yet I confess when one looks at the map it does not seem such a very terrible undertaking."

"It depends, a little, on the size of the map. But if you are tired of life or society, I don't know a surer way of quitting both, or either, than by prying into central Asian mysteries."

"How tempting!" says Lady Oatleigh. "I feel half inclined to start off from Simla at once, and see at least what Tibet is like."

"You are not the first, by a long way, Lil, who has thought so before she found herself in that over-temptatious place," remarks Manners, rather grimly his sister thinks, as they drive up to their host's.

CHAPTER V.

"You remember our coaching through Tunbridge Wells to Brighton? Picture to yourself Broadwater Down and Calverly Park broken into fragments, and thrown, with a scattering hand, over Pilatus or the Rhigi, and you will have a faint idea of what Simla and its views are like," says Manners, the evening before the Oatleighs are going to leave him at Umballa. "You will find it charming in every way," he adds, with ill-concealed bitterness.

"I am so sorry that you cannot come with us," answers Gladys, gently, and a little anxiously, stealing a hurried look at his disturbed face, as they wander away in the soft twilight, under the orange-trees. "Can't you manage to get up there a little later?"

Does not the intonation of her voice tell him what he knows perhaps too well?

"I am afraid that it is impossible, just now at all events, as I have just come off leave," he replies, with an embarrassment very unusual with him; for the general has told him that under the circumstances he may have a month, if he likes. "But I shall be anxious to hear how you like yourself up there."

"You have been to Simla, of course?"

"Yes," is the abrupt answer. What is there in it which makes her regret that she asked the simple question? "I was there two hot seasons just before I went home."

Why does she pursue the subject? Why do we so often walk perilously near the edge of a cliff which may at any moment give way and hurl us to destruction? Danger, even to the timid, has a secret fascination.

"Then you must know every one of note, for, of course, the world repeats itself here as at home," and the acknowledged beauty of last year unconsciously preens her feathers, as she thinks what fun it will be to cross swords with such rivals as she has heard of.

"In a way, yes."

"Come! Tell me something about them, for, if we are to be there a few weeks, it is better to be forearmed by foreknowledge."

Why do his lips tighten under his black moustache, and his eyes lighten in a way she has never seen before, ere he answers?

"It's a mixed lot. There's the viceroy, the chief, and all their staffs, with and without wives — of sorts; many soldiers on leave; young wives and old ones, without their husbands; young men without wives; but few girls. Every one lives in a glass house, yet throws pebbles all day long at his or her neighbor. Can you conceive anything more provocative of peace and pleasant tales?"

"You frighten me! And you went there a second time!"

What evil genius delays the instant confession which then made would have saved the sorrow that resulted from his silence as he pondered for a minute how to word the history of what had already cost him so much pain and self-denial?

Alas! Just as he takes her hand, and, saying "Gla lys!" is on the point of telling her all, his sister's voice calls "Nol! Nol!" and the opportunity once lost is gone beyond redemption.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as the Oatleights have settled in their house, which commands on one side a view of hundreds of miles of the snowy Himalayas, and on the other looks across the Punjab as far as the eye can reach, they are reminded of the Indian custom which obliges the new-comer to call on the residents, who show their good taste or discrimination by returning or ignoring the attempt to be familiar.

The Simla world has put them at a bound on the pinnacle of social fame by vote unanimous.

Lady Oatleigh, herself young and of a
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beauty only just surpassed by the yet fairer charms of stately Gladys, turned the heads of all the men the day after their arrival, as they walked along the Mall.

Every woman of appreciative taste, and there were many, was gratified to hear that the tall and handsome stranger was of late a guardsman, and therefore not likely to be unobservant of the claims of the *beau sexe* on his admiration.

But in Gladys the interest of all was concentrated. Tall, fair, and beautiful, with that indescribable air of power which belongs to one who has reigned in the most fastidious society in the world, on that point, she created a *furor* which asserted itself at once.

"The lord sahib," himself no mean judge, sets the seal of his approval by devoting himself as much as he can to her when the Oatleights dine at the viceregal residence. "The chief" follows suit, and the next evening at the Band the Simla world endorses their verdict.

The Indian matron has no unworthy jealousy of the unmarried, for the best of reasons.

"Yes, my dear! If you believe me, he sat beside her all the evening, and she took it as a matter of course! I don't wonder though. She is quite the best-looking girl I have ever seen," says one occupant of a jampan to another, as they proceed along the Mall, beside each other.

"So London has decreed, they say. You know why they came out here?"

"No; I heard they were tired of Scotland, and tried this as a new sensation."

"Nonsense, my dear! Dolly Manners was not to be caught off-hand, so she got her brother to bring them all out in his yacht. I wonder they were not frizzled to death in the Red Sea," says gossip number two, with *malice prepense* — for she is well aware of the deep interest her friend takes in the fascinating Hussar.

"What?" almost screams Mrs. Blanque, as she springs to her feet in the sedan-like chair, much to the discomfiture of her bearers. "He came out with them! Where is he then?" and in her surprise and excitement the undeniably handsome grass-widow betrays an amount of emotion which confirms, if it were necessary, all that her friend has long suspected.

"Oh, of course he is with his regiment at Umballa. He could not get leave at once after coming out from England, but he will be with them shortly. The chief would do anything for a glance of her *beaux yeux*," answers Mrs. Exewise, with

the assurance of the accomplished romancer.

That evening young Faretop of the Rifles finds his goddess more *difficile* and *exigente* than he has known her since she cast her siren glamor over his too impressionable heart.

"I am tired, Bertie," she pleads, in answer to his reproaches at her being so *distracte*, as they return from the Band in the rapidly fading twilight.

"But my leave is nearly up, and I don't know when or where we may meet again," whispers the infatuated boy in the hoarse accents of a first great passion.

"So much the better for you," she answers, with a rare touch of compassion for her last victim. "You will think of me all the more kindly if you go before you have begun to be tired of me!"

"As if——"

"When do you start?" she interrupts, with a sudden change to indifference in her tone, which acts like a *douche* of the iciest water on the feelings with which he has seized her hand.

Dropping it as if he were stung, the poor lad turns away his head in uncontrollable emotion, and is silent—as the songless wood through which they wend their way to her home.

"Bertie!" she says, simply. But in the world there is such a world of meaning,—it calls up such memories, short though they be, that in the sudden revulsion he is her slave more than ever. "Would you please me?"

"With my life." He answers her with the fervent earnestness of youth, and, as his eyes meet hers in the rising moonlight, she feels he means it to the letter.

"You will do what I ask?"

"On my honor."

"Then go to-morrow."

For a moment she thinks he will fall, as he staggers from her side. The blow is so cruel, so unexpected. But his manhood answers to the call he makes instinctively upon it, and, though his face blanches and his lips quiver strangely, he answers bravely,—

"I have promised rashly; but, since you will it, I shall go. Can I do nothing for you more?"

Does no tenderness pierce her heart as she looks into the fair, boyish face and sees its working, ill-concealed emotions, while he accepts the death-warrant he so truly reads?

"Yes; you will pass through Umballa. Captain Manners, a friend of mine, has just come out from England with some-

thing I am very anxious to have. Will you give him a note from me about it, as I believe he is not coming up here?" she adds hastily, recognizing the dangerous ground she treads.

"Certainly!" he answers dreamily, as he wonders what the world will be for him henceforth. "Is there nothing else?"

"No," she says with unwonted softness. "Not just now. Come to-morrow before you go, and we will then make our adieux."

They have reached her door. The jampanis stand aside, and the chivalrous lad leads her in as if she were indeed all his fancy paints her.

CHAPTER VII.

"By Jove!" mutters Manners, a few days after this, as he reads a letter he has found on coming in from his evening gallop. "The plot thickens quicker than I expected. I knew of course she would be there, and that I had better keep out of it at present, but when it comes to this—phew!" and his brows knit as he reads again the impassioned words which the unconscious messenger has left.

"If I don't go she may let her active imagination and unbridled tongue run riot. And I don't know that the danger of that may not be greater than what I am now risking. Pshaw! I had better grasp the nettle at once, and have it over."

Before the week is out he is riding into Simla.

"Hallo, Nol!" shouts the astonished Oatleigh as Manners meets them all, with two of the unattached. "I heard you could not get away for a fortnight."

"The colonel found my valuable services could be dispensed with sooner, so I thought I had better come and see how you were getting on in the 'wickedest place on earth.' Not too soon, I fancy, Gladys!" he adds, *sotto voce*, with a meaning smile, as her discomfited cavalier reins back in the narrow road to make way for him beside her.

"In one sense you are right!" she answers joyously. "I began to think you meant to leave us to the tender mercies of the Simla world, and they, I think, are doubtful ones!"

"What?" he says quickly, "have you begun to find that out already?"

"I should be duller than my friends give me credit for, if I did not see, hear, and judge. Certainly if idleness be the parent of mischief, he must have a large family in these parts. What a place for a social weekly! It would have to be

published daily, though. No ordinary paper could hold a tithe of the tales, gossip, and scandal which ring from house to house between one Sunday and the next."

"You have not shut your ears, evidently; and Lil? what does she think?"

"Oh! she is delighted with everything and everybody; says London is only larger, and not a bit better, without the compensating scenery which is too beautiful for words. We spent a week at Mahassoo, and have just arranged our plans for a short excursion towards the snows. You will come, of course?"

"When do you start?" he asks, slowly, as he thinks of the opportunity thus afforded him of smoothing the difficulty he has so long dreaded.

"To-morrow, I think."

"That is rather short notice to get all one's kit ready, as I have come up quicker than my servants, who won't be here for a day or two. But I will join you at Fagoo."

"Gladys, dear!" cries Lady Oatleigh, turning in her saddle, "I forgot how late it is, I must ride on and get Puck to give him his evening run. Don't hurry, I will walk up and meet you with him," and she carries off her husband. The two other men, not sorry for the excuse, lift their hats and leave the pair, whose understanding is very evident, to follow at their leisure.

Meeting Mrs. Blanque on her way home, one of them, with the true instinct of the babbler, pulls up, and as he bows says, "You will meet Dolly Manners coming up the hill with the lovely Gladys. None of us outsiders, evidently, have a chance now," and canters on.

He little knew how great a kindness he had done her, or it would have been left unsaid. Had she come upon them suddenly, without the warning, passionate and jealous as she was, she could not have bowed with that serene composure to the girl in whom she recognized on the instant her successful rival, or with the quick glance of concentrated feeling which told him anew what he would have to encounter ere he could hope for peace.

As he follows Gladys past her jampan he stoops for an instant, and he says, "To-morrow night at ten."

He is strangely silent, she thinks, as they ride homewards, and with reason, for all that he had so long feared has sprung before him in fresh and startling significance, and warns him of the danger of provoking the anger of such a

woman as she with whom he has but now made that assignation. Yet it was his only hope of escape from the toils, which youth, inexperience, weakness, vanity, and a generous, unselfish nature, had combined to work around him while he had basked in the beauty of one who, for the first time, had lost in the game she had played so often.

The heart that long ago went out of Gladys's keeping has never prompted a disloyal thought of him. It was enough for her to be near and see him often. Yet now, while they ride side by side, as much alone as if the world contained no others, she cannot help the question rising almost to her lips, "Why is he, has he been, so long silent?" If looks, words, manner, mean anything, surely he is hers. Yet he has never told her so!

For the first time in their knowledge they feel it would be a relief to see their sister as she had promised. And yet something tells him he should not lose this opportunity of speech.

"Gladys!" at last he says, but in a tone so strangely unlike his own that she turns, half startled, to see if he is in pain. "It may be that I shall not again have such a chance of talking to you before you leave to-morrow. I had intended waiting yet a little longer, that I might speak so frankly as would to God I might have done a year ago. But something uncontrollable compels me to speak now, even though I cannot say all that I have waited so long to tell you. You know I love you?"

Poor Gladys, unprepared for this almost solemn development of his protracted silence, bows affirmatively, while her eyes look lovingly and inquiringly into his.

He continues. "I have known I loved you, darling, from the moment I felt I had led you into the jaws of death, when you rode so hard upon me into that pit from which we so marvellously escaped. How long before, I cannot say. Why, ere this, I have been unable to plead for happiness from you, I could only tell you after I had returned to India. Fate brought you here, and now I hope that when we meet at Fagoo I may show you that if I have been too long tongued-tied it has been from a cause not altogether to my blame. Do you believe and trust me?"

"With my life, my love, my all!" she cries impulsively, and he leans across and takes her hand and carries it to his lips in a passionate caress.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT the club, next night, Colonel Tattler and Major Pry are dining together, rather late, before going to the ball of the Simla season, the masquerade at the chief's.

"Deuced odd thing, Pry! The Oatleighs would go off this morning to the interior. Nothing would induce them to stay for it."

"Ah! Manners is wiser! He knows where the fun is to be found. Ha! ha! ha!"

"My dear fellow! You are altogether wrong. I know for a fact that he is engaged to Oatleigh's sister; only he has gambled so desperately that her people will not allow the marriage to come off until his estates are clear."

"Really, Tattler! I wonder your information is not better. Now, I know it as a positive fact that she came out here because the devotion of a certain personage was too marked for the happiness of several people."

"Pry! Have you lost your memory, your common sense? In the first place you cannot have forgotten that *esclandre* the season before last, when Mrs. Blanque flung herself at Manners's head, and the row there was when her husband appeared on the scene, unexpectedly, as he always does."

"One would think, Tattler, I hadn't been at Simla off and on for the last five-and-twenty years! Allow me to correct you. If any young fellow was ever bowled over by a matron sufficiently old to be—well, his elder sister, it was Dolly Manners."

"Nonsense! I have it on the best authority that he did not care a rap for her. Of course he was flattered by her evident preference, and all that sort of thing, for she was, bar none, the handsomest woman out till these fresh English girls turned everything upside down. But I know—you'll swear this will go no farther?—I had it from my bearer, who was told by her own ayah, so there can be no question about it—well, one night she repeated the last episode of 'Don Juan,' only young Manners escorted the would-be duchess back to her own house on the instant, applied for and got leave to go home next day."

"Yes. But not before she went again to his house and vowed that if he dared to marry while he was in England she would denounce him to her husband as having betrayed him."

"What! you know the story then, Pry?"

"Sufficiently well. I wonder if that has tied his tongue all this time, and if he means business with that lovely girl? I was riding with her yesterday when he came up, and, finding very quickly that I was *de trop*, I rode off. As luck would have it, I met his older innamorata a little while after, and she must have seen them together. I hope not in a tender situation, for all their sakes."

"By Jove, no! or there would be the devil to pay! As it is, Manners will need all he knows to steer clear of the difficulties before—heavens! Here's Blanque himself, and my bearer told me, not an hour ago, that Dolly is to be with Mrs. B— this evening!"

"Ah! you ancient gossips. Here you are again! At the old game—I bet. Whose miserable reputation are you tearing into further tatters?"

"On my honor—nobody's. We were talking of that splendid shot you made at the tiger last hot weather when I was with you in the Terai. When did you come up?"

"This moment. I got a month, and thought I would look in at the fancy ball to-night, unbeknown. So I'll dine here and just go down to my wife's house to dress after she has gone. May I join your table? And we'll have some 'Simpkin.'"

"Oh, Lord!" thinks the perspiring Fry, as he sees the impending catastrophe without a possibility of warning the unhappy pair. "The fat is in the fire this time, and no mistake."

CHAPTER IX.

"I IMPORE you, Avis, to think, ere it be too late. I have told you the simple truth, hateful as it is to me to say that which must pain you. Do not wreck the happiness of so many in the vain idea that you may win what I have not to give."

"I confess I was weak, foolish, when I knew you first, intoxicated with the feeling that you had singled me out; but"—and the young fellow's head hangs as he tries to shape his words so that he may least hurt the pride of the enamored woman who sits at his feet while he adjoins her by all their hopes of happiness now and hereafter to cast out and forget her fatal infatuation. "You remember," at last he says, "that when I was sorely tempted I was strong, for your sake. For my sake, now, I beseech you to be

merciful, and let us part in peace;" and he tries to rise.

"Stay!" she cries. "You wish, then, to be free?" forgetting that in truth such fetters as there are had been of her own forging. "You shall, on one condition—swear that you have no thoughts for that slim girl you were riding with yesterday."

For an instant the demand is too much for his temper, and his eyes flash out an indignant repudiation of such terms. But the next moment he feels that now his only hope of "peace with honor" is by temporizing. So, for the sake of all, he equivocates, though, as the dubious words cross his lips, he mentally asks forgiveness for the seeming want of fealty to his love, and he answers,—

"Had I wished to marry her, the sister of my sister's husband, could I not have done so when half the world lay between us?"

Alas! Why had he not? Why had he been so fearful of the evil woman's power to turn his loved one's happiness into gall by the false tale of his weak dishonor? Why had he not been more trusting in her belief in his own word?

"Then, if you will, go; and let me see your face no more—after this night. But now, this once, kiss me with those lips which mock me while they make me mad;" and she casts herself into his arms, ere he well knows her intention.

"Mem Sahib! Oh! Mem Sahib—Colonel Sahib has come."

"Too late, my good woman!" are the words which the next instant burst in mingled tones of anguish and mocking laughter on their horror-stricken ears, and looking up they see the ayah wringing her hands, as the husband, brushing past her, strides towards them.

Starting to their feet, they stand in silence and apart. Manners, flushed with shame and sorrow, yet with a bearing in which a calmer judge would have read an unguilty conscience. She, poor helpless wretch, struck dumb with terror, shields her eyes.

On he comes, until it seems as if he meant to crush them with his bulk. But suddenly he stops; and then, as he sways in voiceless passion, Manners sees that he is beside himself with wine as well as fury, and, trembling for the unhappy woman, he stretches out his hands towards her.

"Touch her not again, or I'll slay you both as you stand," he shouts in thundering tones. And he draws from the

belt of his Albanian dress a brace of pistols.

"My friend," he continues, with an air of calm politeness, in horrible contrast to his outburst, turning round to Manners, "since you have done me the honor to elect a queen of beauty in my wife you cannot object to her witnessing our jousts. This room," glancing down it, "does not seem far short of the regulation distance. Take your choice of either of these toys. I will give you every advantage, since I forced the game upon you. You are in evening dress; stand against the open window and button up your coat. I think this costume will give you mark enough against the wall there. Bearer, call the servants. We must have a gallery, if not for plaudits, that they may not call it murder. Now then, are you ready?" as Manners, walking mutely and impassively as in a dream, takes the weapon and the place assigned to him. He feels it is too late, too hopeless, to contend with fate.

But as he turns about, he murmurs, "Oh, my God, poor Gladys!"

"When I dash this cup against the floor, fire! and may your bullet reach the heart you have broken," are the hissing, scorching words hurled at him by the man beside himself with overmastering passions.

The next minute a single pistol-shot and a woman's frightful scream pierce the midnight air, and the unhappy cause of so much misery drops senseless—and henceforth mindless. While poor Manners, stretching out his hand, fires his shot into empty space, gasps out: "You have judged hastily, falsely, foully. I am innocent of all intent or deed to do you wrong. May God forgive—as—I—do—you"—and prone on his face the victim of a wretched creature's folly falls, and dies.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ANNIE KEARY.

In these days of literary abounding, it is as much as we can do to seize the characteristics of even the most prominent authors before they are pushed aside by new comers; and the more retiring members of the profession of letters are of necessity rarely accorded more than the disjointed, preoccupied attention which a person of little consequence gets in society when there are great people in the room. We have seldom a chance of

giving ourselves up to a thorough study of even a leader in authorship, and are forced to let the lesser lights pass by almost unnoticed. We read the books of the day, but do not trouble ourselves to study the writings of an author as a whole, or to attempt to grasp the character which inspired them. Yet the "little masters" of literature have a real value as well as the great masters. The historical importance which attaches to careful portraits of men and manners is not wholly engrossed by the foremost rank of novelists. There are quiet corners of life, untouched by the fastidious hand of genius, which are worth painting, and the student in after days who tries to obtain a complete panorama of the life of to-day will not be able to dispense with the unassuming work of the writers who never reached the summit of literary fame. And apart from the value of this class of composition, there is a certain charm about it to those whose palates have been burnt by a too pungent fare. "Lilies and languors," after all, have their due season; and a pleasant, restful feeling comes over us when we turn from the coarse coloring of some modern lady novelists, who have won a high place in the favor of the multitude, to the softened pictures of less famous but more womanly writers. There are times, and they come not seldom, when we pass with relief from French painting to the Dutch, from the "Indian Durbar" to a quiet bit of *genre*, from Lytton to Miss Austen, or shall we say, from the modern "slang" lady novelist to Miss Keary.

There is probably no literary adventure which involves more danger and difficulty than the criticism of novels. It is easy enough to make up our minds whether we like them, but it is quite another matter to attempt to systematize our judgments, and assign to each writer his due place in relation to the rest. As the field of novel-writing is co-extensive with all life, the characteristics of novels and their writers are as diverse as the varying natures of men. To compare a novel of one class with one of a different class is generally time thrown away. Thackeray and Dickens, Scott and George Eliot, Victor Hugo and Cherbuliez, are beyond the just limits of comparison, and it is useless to try to fix their relative positions; we can only decide which gives us most pleasure. The difficulty increases when less strongly marked characteristics have to be discussed, and a scale of merit among the lesser novelists

is inconstructible. I am not venture some enough to attempt anything of the kind in the case of Miss Keary. It is sufficient to point out the class of novelists to which she belongs, without seeking to determine precisely the place she occupies in it with relation to the rest.

Annie Keary was a writer of what are called "domestic" novels. Ever since the mistress of this kind of literature, Miss Austen, published her delightful pictures of the common every-day life of ordinary people, the taste for the domestic novel has been constantly on the increase among the more thoughtful portion of the novel-reading world. George Eliot, in one of the most perfect of her books, has put forth an eloquent plea for the art which consists in the faithful portraiture of common things, and which prefers to draw the people we meet in ordinary life, despite their crooked noses, unromantic theories, and inconsistent conduct, instead of creating an ideal world of men and women, whose unvarying perfections and consistent excellence exist only in the writer's fancy. It is much easier, as she says, to draw people as we would have them be than as they are. But without the argument of so eminent a leader in the art of domestic description, the general opinion of novel-readers has long been tending towards a juster appreciation of this subdued class of literature. The taste for novels of action and mystery is seldom long-lived, and it is scarcely after first youth that the intricacies of "The Moonstone" or the excitement of "The King's Own" are fully enjoyed. The more fiction one reads, the more the need of truth is felt; and the longer we live among the problems and difficulties of life, the stronger grows the desire to have them put before us and worked out in the sober delineation of character. However weary one may be of the quotation, "The proper study of mankind is man," it is impossible to help feeling its truth with increasing force. Why is it that the conversation of an egotistic person (if we do not know him too well) is more interesting than the clever generalities of society talk or the studied effects of the professed storyteller? Because every one, save the narrow dullard who has no outlook beyond his daily grind at the money-wheel, has a genuine desire to see into the souls of other men. The study of character is admittedly the most fascinating of all studies, and one which everybody, consciously or not, practises; and the more

it is followed and its many-sided interests seen, the better are appreciated the worth and charm of the domestic novel. Our own experience is not enough; the people we meet do not present sufficient variety; we need a wider induction; and so we turn with eager expectation to the experience of others — to the careful studies of character which the novelist of the sober type provides — to glean fresh knowledge of our fellow men and women.

As the writer of the domestic novel cannot, by the rules of the art, create what is not natural, what he has not himself observed, it follows that a great determining element in the worth of a novel of this kind, apart from the genius of intuition and power of observation possessed by the author, is the nature of the society in which he lives. Many domestic novels fail simply because the experience of the writer is not sufficiently extended and varied. There is no class of literature more capable of dullness; and it is of the utmost consequence that the writer who attempts it should possess a wider experience than our own, else we learn nothing. But the defect of a too limited range of study is often counterbalanced by the author's power of intuition. A character that seems uninteresting or incomprehensible to us is often seen quite otherwise by a different and more practised eye; and what seems commonplace to our study may become a source of fruitful instruction in life in the hands of a more skilled observer. And so, after all, it is rather the genius of the author, as interpreter, than the apparent charm of peculiarity of the characters, that is of the most moment in the domestic novel.

That Miss Keary possessed in a high degree this gift of interpreting character cannot be doubted by any one who has enjoyed her singularly lifelike portraits. She has a fine power of observation; no detail of the every-day life of the people among whom she lived seems to have escaped her; and she had not only the faculty of seeing through all these details, through trifling actions and words, the true character that prompted them, but she knew how to convey the impression of the character by the plain record of the details. Her earlier novels — "Through the Shadows," "Janet's Home," "Clemency Franklyn," and "Oldbury" — are, so to say, photographic portraits of certain groups of characters. In "Janet's Home" and "Oldbury," which are infinitely superior to the other two, we have sev-

eral faithful pictures of London and country middle-class life, and in these the qualities just described are conspicuous. The home of Janet is brought before us with a reality which makes us feel that we have been there and joined in its unobtrusive life. The family group is drawn with the fidelity that can only come from patient and minute study of character, and yet with the simplicity which is the rare triumph of true art-concealing art. A few characteristic details are made to serve the purpose of the abstruse psychological analyses which are intruding themselves by degrees into the domestic novel. In the description of the evenings in Janet's home, when the father is preparing his lectures in the midst of the family circle because there is no fire in his own den, a slight touch here and there lets us into the little discomforts of the various members of the circle. Dr. Scott's pathetic inquiry if it would be possible for Janet to procure some needles that did not click quite so loudly, and his occasional useless remonstrance to his fussy wife on her habit of smoothing out crinkly paper with a peculiarly irritating sound whilst he was at work, and Mrs. Scott's invariable revival of the habit next day; the constrained, conspirator-like feeling of the children which prompted the pet boy Charlie to lay every trap for the rest of the family to produce the much desired interruption of the dreadful silence; and Janet's typical, elderly-sisterly anxiety as she watches with a sort of absorbed fascination the approach of the catastrophe which will make her father get up from his chair with a resigned look, pick up his books, and march off to peaceful solitude in his cold study, — are so many glimpses into character; and we gather from details like these, selected with the skill of a practised observer, the whole tenor of the family life. Throughout the book the characters are more and more clearly defined by their smallest actions; it is nowhere explained that Janet or Nesta was of such and such a nature, but some little act or word is recorded which at once lets us into the secret. Janet is a singularly happy portrait of one of those daughters who are the prop of a shaken house. In her rare weakness, as in her usual firm sense, she is consistently natural — or naturally inconsistent. Her father, again, is a fine specimen of the hard-worked schoolmaster, who keeps his harness on to the last. Nesta and Shafto Carr are scarcely so individual, and Lady Helen, the evil gen-

ius of the story, is perhaps a little too much of a fancy sketch, though there are fine touches on her canvas.

The defect of the book is its framework, which is hardly elaborate enough. It is true that the force of the domestic novel lies in the fidelity of its character-drawing; but to make the study of these characters interesting, they must not be exhibited in their nakedness, but need a certain clothing of romance or scenery. The recovery of the Morfa estate is introduced rather after the *deus ex machina* fashion; and beyond this and the complications produced by Lady Helen in the love affairs of all her friends and neighbors, there is no plot. Certainly the plain people of common life, whom, rather than the brilliant exceptions, it is the province of the domestic novel to portray, have, as a rule, very little of what can be called "plot" in their lives; nevertheless, the necessities of novel-writing exact some setting which, without interfering with the faithfulness of the picture, shall add to its beauty. You must paint the face truthfully, but you need not put the ugly wall of your studio for its background. "Janet's Home" lacks the charm of situation, which adds so greatly to the pleasure of novel-reading, and it must be regarded as an unframed picture or an unbound book. We miss, too, the descriptions of scenery which are so striking a feature in the later "Castle Daly." Perhaps Miss Keary felt the danger of letting her imagination run loose. The earlier novels certainly give the impression of a severe self-restraint, a determination to describe things just as they are, which is a prime requisite in the writer of the class she essayed. In other fields, as we shall see, and also in her later novels, she showed what a bright fancy she possessed. It was probably not until she had thoroughly mastered it that she dared to use it.

"Oldbury" is much after the model of "Janet's Home," but instead of life in a London street it describes country-town society. The perfect comprehension of the littleness, the petty aims and jealousies, the old maidishness of a small provincial town, displayed in the pages of "Oldbury," speaks to a trying personal experience; Miss Keary must have suffered the miseries and limitations of country-town life before she could describe so faithfully that narrowest of all human forms of existence. At the same time she evidently appreciated the genial side

of provincial society, — the homey feeling of everybody taking an interest in everybody — the delights of the comfortable gossip round the set tea — the dear old maid with her Berlin-wool map, founded on the geographical data of Scripture, and not to be lightly criticised by profane standards, which was shown as a great treat on special occasions only to good boys and girls, — the quaint, tidy, old-world ways, the immovable traditions of a society that believes in its grandmothers, rather than its children, and prefers the backward to the forward look. For the rest, "Oldbury" has the same bald severity and lack of setting which mars "Janet's Home," but in a less degree; the frame is better constructed, the parts fit together more smoothly, and the incidents are more effective. One of the best features in "Oldbury" is the acquaintance it shows with child life. Elsie is described as few children are in books, and her small troubles and disappointments, and her rare delights, are told with the loving, understanding sympathy of one who knew children well. But those who have read Miss Keary's children's stories will not be surprised at this.

The two latest novels, "Castle Daly" and a "A Doubting Heart," are widely different from those that have just been discussed. We feel that the author has passed into a new phase, and that her powers have not only ripened and developed, but taken a new direction. In the earlier novels there was a certain stiffness, an overstrained fidelity to the dullness of ordinary life; in "Castle Daly" we have all the truthfulness without the severity; the characters are, if possible, more clearly individual and lifelike, but their surroundings have the charm of poetry. Most readers will agree with me that "Castle Daly" is the most delightful of all Miss Keary's novels. It may not possess the mature reflectiveness of "A Doubting Heart," but it makes up for this in the superior interest of its characters and the variety and romance of its setting. If we are inclined to forget the poetical side of Ireland in the thought of the representatives which her infatuated people now send to the House of Commons, the romance of Irish country life thirty or forty years ago will be allowed by every one who has read "Castle Daly." Miss Keary felt the inspiration of the subject. The imagination, the poetry, the love of nature, which we have missed so far, all come to life in this delightful

book. The strange charm of Irish scenery, the sudden changes of sky and light, which exert so powerful an influence on the volatile Celtic character, are felt and described perfectly; the sunshine on the lake, glancing over the rain-drenched trees, and turning them into a forest of diamonds, and making life look glorious — and then the sudden sweep of the dark cloud over a grey sky, the desolate, dreary feeling of a cold world.

Castle Daly, with its beautiful surroundings, — the dark mountain heads closing the view in the delicate purple distance, and nearer the "soft green levels shading into the blue of river and lake," the black bog land and the bright ferny hollows, — is a delicious place; and its inhabitants are of the genuine Irish sort, — the fine, easy-going giant of a squireen, with eyes where laziness contends with natural acuteness; the impulsive Ellen of the golden hair, who is always trying to do what will please her stiff English mother, and is always succeeding in doing just the wrong thing, who is continually bearing on her vicarious shoulders the guilt of her mischievous brother Connor, the typical Irish boy of the careless sort; and Pelham, the eldest son, an Irishman put at his mother's desire into an English strait waistcoat, with Celtic feelings and Teutonic self-consciousness, false pride, and falser shame. The ways of the household are ideally Irish — open house and no order, a crowd of importunate beggars at the gate, and self-constituted pensioners slipping into the kitchen by the side door, loquacious servants always down at heel, a master who cannot bear to look into his accounts, reduce his hospitality, or draw his rents, and an estate going to ruin. Equally well-drawn is the community of "Good People's Hollow," whose sweet mistress, Anne O'Flaherty, is the true heroine of the story; the ordering of her devoted subjects, the conferences at her cottage window with all who come to her for advice in trouble or necessity and go away comforted and strengthened, the daily life of the people in the Hollow, and the eccentricities of Peter Lynch, the aide-de-camp of its queen, and inventor of the celebrated three-wheeled car which could not turn over, but did — are brought before the eye with a vividness which makes us fancy we see the whole scene in very truth.

Just as Miss Keary understands, or at any rate describes, Irish scenery better than English, as indeed is mete in an

Irishwoman; so her drawing of Irish character is marked by a finer intuition if not a closer observation than her English portraits. In describing the conflict between the Irish party, typified by Anne O'Flaherty and Ellen in one direction, and by the demagogue D'Arcy O'Donnell in another, and the English, led by the Thornleys, who take charge of Mr. Daly's estate during his forced absenteeism, she shows a firm grasp of the essential divergencies between the two nations, and sets the pet foibles and prejudices of each in a just light. Those who are perplexed by the contradictory versions of the present state of Ireland, and the strength and weakness of the national party, cannot do better than study the account of the 1848 famine and rebellion, introduced with striking effect in "Castle Daly." Without the prejudices of either side, but with sympathy for the one, and a true appreciation of the honest intentions and good sense of the other, Miss Keary has here given us at once the most charming and the most fair exposition of the "Irish question" that can easily be found. She has not the wit of the authoress of "The Hon. Miss Ferrard," but in every other respect she is superior. She does not talk sermons at one as Miss Laffan does in the person of her telescopic "Madam;" but the problems of Irish relief and improvement are amply discussed in a less obtrusive manner. Thornley, the Englishman, is as fine a piece of character-drawing as Miss Keary ever accomplished: the gradual tempering of the "hated Saxon" views with which he begins his work in Ireland by the influence of his love for Ellen, and the slowly developed appreciation of the ineradicable peculiarities and susceptibilities of the Celtic nature which was the result of his closer association with the Dalys, are notable examples of the careful study of character in which Miss Keary excelled. In motive, incident, character, and setting, "Castle Daly" is worthy of the highest praise.

"A Doubting Heart" was written in the last year of Annie Keary's life, and, to my mind, it bears the trace of the weary months of suffering which preceded her all too early death. Not that there is any depressed tone about the book; but one observes that increased reflectiveness and thoughtful contemplation of the meaning of life which come from long illness and seclusion, when there is only too much time to think one's thoughts out. It has not the peculiar charm of "Castle

Daly," but many will regard it as Miss Keary's best work. The leading characters are taken from a higher, or at least more fashionable, grade of society, than those of her earlier books, and consequently present more intricate, and to many readers more directly personal, problems in conduct. The brilliant Alma who is obliged to "go where money is," and who loves a comparatively poor man, but has not love enough to give up luxury for him, nor soul enough to understand why he refuses to climb to wealth and herself by unworthy means, is a typical, and for that reason, if for no other, an interesting study. The vacillations of her "doubting heart" between the disgusting splendor of Golden Mount and love in a cottage with Wynyard Anstice are well worked out, and the failure of her schemes, if savoring a little of poetic justice, is brought about by a skilfully-developed combination of circumstances. The worldly woman, caught in her own wiles, is a well-worn subject; but here the wiles are clever, and the woman natural, and not revolting. It is easy to overdraw a selfish character of this kind, and make the woman despicable and self-despising. Alma never reaches this point. She does not mean to do wrong; she is only led into mean intrigue and dishonorable engagements by the traditions of her life, and the training of her mother—who, it should be said, is perhaps the best-drawn character in the book. Alma is simply overpowered by the conventionalities of life and the circumstances in which she is placed—the fates were too strong for her, that is all. One cannot refuse her pity, but one cannot like her.

The contrast between Alma and her rival in Wynyard Anstice's affections is strongly marked; but Emmy West is altogether too feeble a little person—albeit natural enough—to claim our sympathy. There are a great many Emmy Wests in life and in novels, and any enthusiasm one might have felt for the simple, confiding girl who supplants her more talented rival in their common lover's heart evaporated with the second novel one read. Wynyard Anstice himself is a clever portrait of the kind of man other men detest and women adore. He does not come unscathed out of the affair with Emmy, and I do not think he quite deserved the little damsel in the end; but there is a good deal that is really fine about him, and he is a specimen of what lady novelists rarely succeed in describing—an unexaggerated gentleman.

The most pleasing characters in the book are the two sisters Katherine and Christabel Moore, whose ideal, sisterly life up in "Air Throne," and earnest independent spirit of work, must have been drawn from a very near and dear experience. It is impossible not to see that the gentle life of these sisters is modelled on one which was everything to Annie Keary herself. No one knew better what the love of a sister was worth, or felt in fuller perfection the sweetness of that pure twofold life which she shows us in her loving portraits of Katherine and Christabel.

"A Doubting Heart," like "Castle Daly," but in an inferior degree, is marked by that love of nature which Miss Keary so long refused to display in her writings. The sketches of life in the south of France, which enter a great deal into the story, possess much of the charm and vividness which characterize her Irish descriptions. Madame de Florimel, walking with Emmy in her sunny *château* grounds; Madelon among the olive-trees, or girdled round with vine-leaves; Wynyard and his love standing in the glow of the golden sunset by the rose-hedge at the end of the wood, are so many pearls of landscape-painting.

As a whole, "A Doubting Heart" is perhaps the most thoughtful and thought-inspiring of Miss Keary's novels, as "Castle Daly" is the most picturesque. But in both, as in all her works, there is the same constant quality of truthfulness to life, the same self-restraint, the same obstinate refusal to allow herself to be carried away into "gush" or exaggeration. Miss Keary is before all things true. Her books might have been more interesting or exciting if she had allowed her fancy free scope; but she would not have left so good a life-work behind her. Her faithful studies of character are better worth having than the ecstasies of the romantic novelist. If she has not Jane Austen's humor, she has all her fidelity; and if her portraits of ordinary life are not esteemed so highly as they deserve to be, it is perhaps because the heightening effects of distance have not yet been felt. A good deal of Miss Austen's fame, delightful as she is, rests upon antiquity. Old-fashioned language, and old-world ways, are much more interesting than the talk and habits of to-day, of which we can get enough, and too much, by ourselves; and till Miss Keary's pictures of every-day life in the third quarter of the nineteenth century are seen in

perspective, they will not be estimated at their true worth.

Miss Keary has written other books than novels, and I am not sure that the field in which she first entered literature—that of children's stories—is not the one to which her genius most clearly pointed. My own childish recollection is very vivid of the wonderful charm of "Aunt Annie," as a story-teller. She had the gift of fascinating children; she would draw us round her in a circle, and then begin to tell us story after story, fairy tales, folk-lore, myths, fancies of her own, *triste et gai, tour à tour*, whilst we listened spellbound. She would carry us off to Asgard and introduce us to grave Odin, and Thor, and Freya, and Loki; or take us to the wonderful bridge which leads to the Norns, or even to fearful Jötünheim; or we would accompany her in an excursion to one of her own castles in the air,—and none were more wonderful and fantastic than hers,—and call upon the terrible Mrs. Calkill and her one-eyed gardener, and see Otto and Crybill and Gluck the slate-pencil boy in Gladhome after their hairbreadth escape from Noisehome, and hear their report of the terrors of Smokyfire and Thrym's windbag, and the rest of the punishments of naughty children. Or, again, she would draw on her own recollections of her childhood, and relate the strange adventures of "Little Helen" which anybody can read in "Blindman's Holiday." It is impossible to describe the peculiar charm of her story-telling, the quaint humor, the naïve reasoning, the rich imagination, and the rare power of bringing it all home to child-minds, which only comes to those who love children as Annie Keary loved them. To make children happy was a passion with her—how successfully gratified I can bear witness. She seemed to understand children, and see into their thoughts and wishes, and sympathize with their troubles and disappointments by some faculty peculiar to herself. It was this intuitive comprehension and sympathy that enabled her to draw child-life as she has drawn it in "Oldbury," and to write children's stories with almost unequalled success. "Blindman's Holiday," a charming series of twilight stories gleaned from her own memories, and "Little Wanderlin," a collection of fairy-tales—the work of the two sisters—are the most delightful of Miss Keary's books for children. I think she understood little children better than their elder brothers and sisters; at any

rate these two books are meant for quite little children, and they are the best of their kind. The mysterious fascination of the hole in the wall, the miserable collapse of the slippery secret, the thrilling adventures of the concealed worm, are all told in the way which children, by no means lenient critics, best understand and appreciate; and the fancy shown in "Little Wanderlin" and his journeyings, and "Mrs. Calkill's Wonderful House," is particularly enchanting; whilst "The Lost Pleiad" is an exquisite little story. It is here that we find the humor we miss in Miss Keary's more studied works; it turns up in queer little phrases and odd explanations, and runs in a peculiarly delightful vein. In her stories for older children, Miss Keary is little less happy than in these books for quite little ones. "Sidney Grey" is a capital boy's story, and "The York and Lancaster Rose" is its equivalent for girls; whilst "Mia and Charlie," and "The Rival Kings," form links between these and the youngest class. They all bear testimony to a loving insight into children's character, and deserve a more detailed study than can be given to them here. The only drawback to these charming pictures of child-life is the tendency to introduce overmuch moral and religious teaching. There is so much of this sort of thing afloat in the world that a born teller of tales, like Miss Keary, might have omitted it without damage to the children's education, and an Irishwoman might have avoided making her child-characters so solemn and pious as they sometimes are. But these are really matters of conscience, and any one who writes for the young has too heavy a burden of responsibility to bear to let his conscience be tampered with. I confess, however, I cannot believe that children get any moral good out of the moral parts of story-books.

One of Miss Keary's children's books, "The Heroes of Asgard," puts the stories of the Eddas into a shape that children can appreciate. It is a book that grown-ups have enjoyed, but for children it is admirable. It is curious to note how the marvels of antiquity called forth the imaginative faculty which Miss Keary was too prone to suppress. In presence of the weird charm of Norse mythology, her fancy takes wings to itself, and we see what a command of poetic style, what a wealth of poetic imagery and illustration she could use if she would. The "hoar wonder" of Egypt and Assyria exercised a powerful influence on her imagination.

The "Early Egyptian History," which she wrote after a visit to the Nile, shows that the magic of Karnak moved her no less than the wisdom of the runes; and in "The Nations Around," the last work she produced of this kind, with the exception of some chapters contributed to her nephew's "Dawn of History," we see that years did not efface the impression which Eastern antiquity had made upon her. "The Nations Around" is a popular account of the principal results of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Biblical research, strung round the outline of the Bible history. The general accuracy of the account may be presupposed from Miss Keary's invariable fidelity to truth; but it is as well to add that a distinguished scholar assisted her in gathering her facts. It is not, however, in the facts that the real worth of the book consists. You can get these from various sources: encyclopædia articles, "Records of the Past," "History from the Monuments," and the rest. The charm of "The Nations Around" is in the vivid picture it gives of life in the early ages of men. Miss Keary has here constructed her society out of dead people instead of living characters; but she has succeeded in a marvellous manner in bringing them to life again, and showing us the way they lived as though we were living among them. The reality of her sketches of ancient Assyrian, and still more Egyptian, life and manners and ideas, is very striking. She seems to have risen to the demand made upon the constructive quality of the imagination, and, from reading the dry facts discovered by scholarship, to have built up the old world as though she saw it. A great deal of the charm of the work consists in the wealth of illustration in which it abounds, and the successful application of the comparative method; but besides this, "The Nations Around," in point of style, is Miss Keary's most finished production. The chapter on the Book of the Dead is a fine example of her best manner. Nowhere can one find a more interesting account of the history and character of the peoples that dwelt round about Israel, from the Euphrates to the Libyan desert, from Ur of the Chaldees to Thebes and Memphis. Those who have plodded through the "Ancient History from the Monuments" series will turn to Miss Keary's beautiful picture of the ancient East with unspeakable satisfaction.

This is not the place to say much about the sweet lady whose work I have tried

to analyze. I wish her gentle life were written. Sister Annie was as worthy of record as Sister Dora. But in default of such a life, I must say to those readers who did not know Miss Keary, that I do not believe that she ever reached the full development of her powers. Her works are not the full expression of herself. They would be more than worthy of most women, but not of Annie Keary. Negatively they are true to her character; there is nothing in a single line of hers which is not in harmony with the purity and nobility of her spirit. But they do not, perhaps no written thing could, express all the wealth of her gracious womanhood and sweet human-heartedness.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

"THE SHIP OF FOOLS."

NOTHING perhaps more distinctly marks the gulf between our mode of thought and that of our forefathers than the total disappearance of allegorical writing from modern literature. Parables or apologues have furnished in all nations the primitive exercise of the inventive faculty; and their universal use, whether as a vehicle of instruction or a source of entertainment, proves their power of appealing to some common instinct of humanity. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the last of this class of compositions which has attained to anything like widespread popularity, but in the preceding centuries all productions addressed to the taste of the masses, whether in poetry, art, or drama, took this symbolical or representative form. Unadorned human nature was considered too mean and common a thing to occupy the attention of author or public; the stage was filled by impersonal abstractions who discoursed in dialogue as insipid as it was edifying; poets personified nature instead of describing her; painters were not satisfied to portray a woman without symbolizing a virtue; Folly was held up to derision, and Wisdom spoke her trite moral, amid the mummeries of carnival masquerade; and the skeleton grinning from the wall reiterated in still more emphatic language the preacher's lesson of the vanity and brevity of life.

But the irrepressible human element thus studiously excluded from the higher realms of art was apt to assert itself in the most unforeseen directions, and the

secondary episodes in which it was admitted, as it were on sufferance, developed an astonishing tendency to growth and expansion quite out of proportion to the humble place assigned to them. Gods and goddesses, vices and virtues, and all the exalted though shadowy train of abstractions and personifications found themselves unexpectedly eclipsed by some unworthy intruder on their Olympic society; and the occasional touches of broad caricature, or interludes of comic buffoonery, introduced by the appearance on the scene of clowns and ostlers, tavern-keepers and assassins, proved more interesting to the public than the heroic platitudes they interrupted.

The famous satire of Sebastian Brant no doubt owed its universal and unprecedented popularity to the happy inconsistency of its author, who, while adopting for it the form of an allegory, out of deference to the prevailing fashion of the age, immediately cast aside the restrictions imposed by symbolical composition, and set himself in downright earnest and straightforward simplicity to stigmatize the vices of his contemporaries. The ship of fools appears, indeed, in the frontispiece with disordered rigging and motley crew all jabbering and gesticulating, but we do not follow the incidents of her voyage, or learn how those on board comported themselves on the high-seas, passing instead to a descriptive catalogue of the various classes of men whose departure from the ways of wisdom might entitle them to wear the cap and bells, distinctive of her passengers. We may be sure that it is the failings prevalent among the poet's fellow-citizens that are here enumerated, and that the good burghers of Basle and Strasburg easily recognized the errors of their neighbors in pages where they never detected any allusion to their own.

Brant, thus outraging the prescriptions of high art as understood in the fifteenth century, wrote a poem which made an epoch in German literature, marking the transition from the formal conventionalities of mysticism to the free interpretation of homely nature. Its publication created an immense sensation not only in Germany, where it ran through several editions, but all over Europe. It was translated into Latin, French, English, and Dutch, was published in various adaptations and followed by innumerable imitations, was used as a text by preachers and a theme by moralists, being looked on almost in the light of a new

religious revelation, and won for its author the enthusiastic admiration of Erasmus, whose most famous work, the treatise entitled "The Praise of Folly," it is believed to have suggested.

Sebastian Brant led a prosperous and active life, and made a conspicuous figure of that homely burgher type which comprised all that was best in mediæval Germany. He was born at Strasburg in 1457 (or 1458,) the son of Diebolt Brant, a well-to-do citizen, and went in 1475 to study philosophy at the University of Basle, then only fifteen years established. Here he was plunged into that atmosphere of theological controversy which the famous council had bequeathed as a legacy to the scene of its discussions. Party feeling in society still ran high on the points debated by the fathers, and the university was divided into two sects, the Realists, headed by Johannes à Lapide, and the Nominalists, a more advanced school of thinkers, who advocated philosophical progress and ecclesiastical reform. Our young student became an ardent disciple of the former, or more conservative, party, and was all his life a zealous upholder of divinely constituted authority in Church and State.

Like Dante, his dream of an ideal society was based on the dazzling conception of a restored and perfected Roman Empire, and he dedicated a number of works both in prose and verse to the service of the hero of his Utopia, Maximilian, king of the Romans, under whom he hoped to see his scheme for the reunion of Christendom carried into effect. Thus imbued with the political passions of his day, he early abandoned the abstractions of philosophy for the more practical study of jurisprudence, and taking his degree in canon law in 1484, married in the following year Elizabeth Burg, and established himself in Basle for the practice of his profession. He was an active publicist as well as author, for he edited many works of eminent writers on civil and ecclesiastical law, and had a share in preparing the celebrated edition of the Bible, in six folios, with the commentary of Nicholas à Lyro.

His political dreams and aspirations were shattered by the battle of Dornach in 1498, when his hero Maximilian was defeated by the Swiss; and as Basle then ceased to form a portion of the empire, he left it in disgust, and removed with his family to his native town of Strasburg. He soon took a prominent part in its

affairs, becoming in 1501 syndic and public advocate, and, two years later, *Stadtschreiber*, or city notary. He calls himself by the more dignified title of chancellor, and held indeed an office of considerable importance, as he was charged with the keeping of the archives, the record, in the shape of protocols, of the sittings of the civic council, and the maintenance of its correspondence with foreign States. Amid these avocations he found time to compile from ancient documents the annals of the town, which were kept in the public library, and destroyed, with other valuable records, by the great fire produced by the Prussian bombardment in 1870.

The emperor Maximilian recognized Brant's services by creating him a councillor of the empire. Nor was the title a mere illusory one, as he was more than once summoned to the imperial camp while the Concordat with the Holy See was being negotiated, that he might take part in the deliberations on it. Unlike most of the poets of his age, he received a larger share of appreciation from his contemporaries than from posterity; and the celebrated Erasmus, among other critics, paid a public tribute to his genius when, during his visit to Strasburg in 1514, he repeatedly expressed to the assembled citizens his admiration of "the incomparable Brant."

His popularity was probably due in some degree to his personal qualities, as the portraits of him prefixed to the various editions of his works are not without a certain fascination. We see him there in furred cap and civic robes, with a type of face more Italian than German, and suggesting aristocratic lineage rather than the respectable third estate from which he sprang. The nose is long but delicately cut, and on the slight, mobile lips hovers an incipient smile, in which a touch of sarcastic humor is tempered by sweetness and geniality.

The "*Narrenschiff*" was first published in Basle, in 1494, and quickly attained a European celebrity. It is divided into one hundred and ten chapters, each describing a separate type of human folly, and each illustrated by a woodcut, of which the poet is supposed to have suggested the design to the artist. In the execution of these illustrations critics believe they can detect the work of five several hands, representing as many different degrees of skill, and some are attributed to Martin Schön of Colmar. They are full of spirit and vigor, and the

action in them is conveyed with such dramatic efficiency that they have the interest of a series of scenes in a comedy of manners. They represent the humorous side of the satire much more strongly than does the text; where the author's earnestness in enforcing his moral overpowers the comic view of the subject in his mind, and makes him rather a censor than satirist. The composition doubtless owed its popularity as much to its pictorial as to its poetical merits, and we may safely presume that the mere literary work would long since have passed into oblivion had it been separated from its artistic embellishments. In asking the reader then to follow us in turning over its pages, we shall direct his attention principally to these, as the more entertaining portion of the subject, giving only a few short extracts as a sample of the poem.

The frontispiece represents the *Narrenschiff* as a top-heavy galley, with high poop and prow, about to start on her voyage "*ad Narragoniam*," as the motto declares, with an obvious pun on *Narr*, a fool. Streamers are fluttering from masts and rigging, and the crew, all wearing the livery of folly, the hood with jangling bells and projecting horns in the shape of asses' ears, are vociferating "*Gaudeamus omnes*" with exaggerated gestures of hilarity. One standing on the prow beckons, meantime, to a smaller boat, whose crew, with outstretched hands, are imploring the ship to wait, *har noch*. "*Zu schyff, zu schyff, brüder; ess gat, ess gat!*" (On board, on board, brothers; it goes, it goes!) are the words put into the mouth of the spokesman of the larger vessel, to hurry their arrival. In the upper half of the page a cart is seen conveying another company of fools by land to the same destination. In the text, sledges and wheeled vehicles are classed with boats and galleys, as equally coming under the definition ship.

This confusion of terms, and other hints in the poem, have given German commentators the idea that the ship of fools was not altogether a creation of the author's imagination, but had an actual existence as part of the popular shows and mummeries at carnival-tide. They trace the institution as far back as the ancient Teutonic worship of Isis as the spring goddess, whose car or ship, borne along the rivers or into the mountains, was supposed to carry peace and fruitfulness in its train. The image of the goddess, those of other divinities, and the

priests consecrated to her service, were at first the sole occupants of her mystic car, but later it was invaded by the people, and doubtless originated some forms of Shrovetide revelry. Somewhat far-fetched, however, seems the suggested derivation of carnival from *car navale*, notwithstanding the coincidence that the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to offer a ship to Isis on March 5.

A monkish chronicle records a strange procession as having taken place in the year 1133, seemingly showing that the memory of the elder worship still lingered in the popular mind through the Middle Ages. On the occasion in question, a ship was built in a forest in the district of Aix-la-Chapelle, placed on wheels, and drawn through the country escorted by singing and dancing crowds of both sexes. At Maestricht it was provided with a mast and sail, and so continued its way by water, received with acclamation and rejoicing by the inhabitants of each town it passed, and by them forwarded the next stage in its progress. The monk who chronicles this singular celebration speaks of it in terms of the strongest reprobation as an act of pagan worship, while a line in Brant's poem, saying that the *Narrenschiff* was to be found in the neighborhood of Aix, seems to indicate the survival of a similar custom down to his own days, and its embodiment in the framework of his allegory.

The framework only, or rather the introduction, for all nautical symbolism is dropped after the first page, and the subsequent illustrations of the various types of folly are not in any way wrought into the original design. The action portrayed in the woodcuts is, on the other hand, generally figurative or emblematic in independent fashion, so that we follow, in point of fact, a series of pictorial allegories, with explanatory texts. Some of these are conceived in a highly poetic and imaginative spirit, like that which personifies the presumptuous and reckless fool as a man looking idly out of an upper window, while his roof is smitten by the thunderbolts of heaven. The way in which the calamity shattering his dwelling is made visible, in the shape of a hammer wielded by a gigantic hand stretching from the clouds, is not without a certain rude force of expression, while its effects are shown in the flames bursting from doors and windows on the ground floor. In contrast to this type of overweening carelessness we have in the

next page the picture of the meddlesome and officious fool, who is seen in the attitude of Atlas, bowed down by the self-imposed burden of the universe, the circle of the sphere resting on his shoulders, framing like a vignette a panorama of trees, towns, estuaries, and mountains.

In the illustration prefixed to the chapter on worldly ambition, Fortune's wheel is seen, guided in its revolution by a hand extended from the sky, while three asses, decked with Folly's cap and bells, represent, in their different positions, the various stages of a human career. One is being borne rapidly upwards, the second is triumphantly but insecurely perched on the temporary summit, grasping in his forepaws the orb of sovereignty, and the third is whirled downwards in precipitate descent. There is both humor and vigorous design in the variety of attitudes and expression assigned to the aspiring quadrupeds, and the moral is pointed by a skull and gravestone in the foreground, suggesting the common end of all Fortune's changes. It is worthy of remark that this design is almost a facsimile, with the substitution only of asses for apes and dogs, of the wheel of Fortune as represented on the old *tarots*, or emblematical playing-cards, although they are not supposed to have been much used in Germany.

The lesson of remaining uninfluenced by empty and foolish talking is enforced by a singular image: a bell standing on the ground, mouth upwards, has a fox's brush in the place of a clapper, to signify at once the impotence and malignity of evil speakers; while the hopelessness of attempting to stop their mouths by kindness is indicated by a man taking flour with both hands out of a sack. The figure holding a balance in his hand, the heavier scale containing a turreted feudal castle, the lighter the celestial sphere, emblazoned with sun, moon, and stars, is emblematical of the folly which consists in preferring temporal to eternal happiness.

In another woodcut a fool is seen riding on a cray-fish, his hand pierced by a reed he has leant on, his mouth gaping for a dove flying towards him ready roasted; and the text explains this allegory as signifying those who expect rewards they have not earned either in this world or the next. The figure who appears complacently playing the bagpipes, while a harp and lute lie neglected at his feet, is, we find, intended for those empty-minded prattlers who prefer their own frivolous babble to anything better

or more improving. Samson, shorn by Dalilah, is, as we see at a glance, a type of that numerous class who cannot keep their own counsels; while the group round a table with cards and dice, the vain fool contemplating himself in a mirror, and the officious one who runs to put out the fire in his neighbor's house, leaving his own in flames, point equally obvious morals. One of the most striking illustrations is that prefixed to the section on those who withhold the truth from human respect, and this failing is symbolized with considerable dramatic force by a monk in the pulpit who holds his finger to his lips with a sanctimonious expression, while some of the congregation threaten him with swords and sticks, and others sleep in various attitudes on benches, and on the steps of the pulpit.

The only illustration in which the actual ship, the titular subject of the allegory, reappears, is a sufficiently striking one. In this it is seen capsized in a tempestuous sea, with the gigantic figure of Antichrist seated on its reversed keel; he holds a scourge in one hand, a sack of gold in the other, and a monstrous flying fiend blows into his ear with a bellows. The fools are struggling in the waves, or seeking refuge in a crazy boat, while another, freighted with a pious crew in various attitudes of devotion, and labelled as the bark of Peter, is drawn to the shore by the saint himself, his key serving very opportunely as a boat-hook. The sea is strewn with books, and the text refers to the abuse of the printing-press in spreading heretical doctrines.

If there were any attempt at logical arrangement in the poem, this catastrophe would naturally bring it to a conclusion, instead of occurring, as it does, at a comparatively early stage. The same absence of constructive skill is manifest throughout, and the various vices and failings stigmatized by the author are jumbled indiscriminately together, without any pretence at classification or general plan, while some of the chapters are so nearly repetitions of subjects already dealt with, that the same woodcut does duty a second time. This failure in artistic symmetry is, however, counterbalanced by lively vigor of language, fluent versification, and inexhaustible fertility of imagery and illustration; the moral of each chapter being pointed by a string of instances, Biblical, classical, and legendary, grouped together with naïve unconsciousness of incongruity. The poem, which was written in the Swabian dialect, contains, in

many parts, antiquated and obsolete turns of speech, but the modernized version, published at Berlin in 1872, offers no difficulty of language, while it preserves the racy terseness of the original.

Each chapter begins with a sort of motto in a rhyming triplet, generally explanatory of the accompanying woodcut, as, for instance, the lines on men who are foolishly suspicious and watchful of their wives, which open thus:—

'Twere wiser grasshoppers to count,
Or pour fresh water in the fount,
Than over women guard to mount.
He finds much pain and little pleasure,
Who keeps his wife like hidden treasure:
If good, she wants no guide nor pastor,
If bad, will cheat both man and master.

The illustration represents a man carefully tending a flock of grasshoppers, and another energetically pouring a jug of water down a well; while a woman, looking out of an upper window, watches their futile labors, with a slyly sarcastic expression of countenance.

The prologue describes the work as evoked by the general insensibility of the public to other teaching, and after setting forth the author's aim to be a reformer of morals, dilates on the universal applicability of the satire.

We well may call it Folly's Mirror,
Since every fool there sees his error.
His proper worth would each man know,
The Glass of Fools the truth will show.
Who meets his image on the page,
May learn to deem himself no sage;
Nor shrink his nothingness to see,
Since naught that lives from fault is free.
And who in conscience dare be sworn,
That cap and bells he ne'er hath worn?
He who his foolishness describes
Alone deserves to rank as wise,
While who doth wisdom's airs rehearse
May stand godfather to my verse.

The same facile versification and fluent, sententious cadence run through page after page, and chapter after chapter, nor does the metre ever vary from its pithy brevity. It resembles that of "Hudibras;" but Brant falls far short of the point and polish of language achieved by Butler. The following lines, however, taken also from the prologue, have something of his ringing cadence:—

For jest and earnest, use and sport,
Here fools abound of every sort.
The sage may here find Wisdom's rules,
And Folly learn the ways of fools.
Dolts rich and poor my verse doth strike,
'The bad find badness, like finds like.

A cap on many a one I fit,
Who fain to wear it would omit,
Were I to mention him by name,
"I know you not," he would exclaim.

The "*Narrenschiff*" is full of indications of the manners of the day, and the woodcuts are a curious study of its costumes. In one a fashionably-dressed lady is coming out of church, and is met in the courtyard by a knight about to enter, his falcon perched on the wrist, his dogs yelping and snarling at his heels. Thus attended, the gallant sportsman's devotions are likely to be a greater source of distraction to his neighbors than of profit to himself, and accordingly the text rebukes this disrespectful fashion of assisting at service. The long peaked shoes which were the prevailing fashion of the time figure universally in the illustrations, and in the chapter on the desecration of feast-days by servile labor, having the toes of these *Schnabelschuhe* stuffed with cotton so as to make them wearable, is enumerated as one of the unnecessary tasks frequently imposed on servants.

The fifteenth century would seem to have been no whit behindhand in the tricks of trade — a special section is devoted to their reprobation; and false weights, short measure, light money, copper gilt to pass as gold, inferior furs dyed in imitation of real, lame horses fitted with padded shoes to appear sound, are enumerated among the forms of deceit in vogue. Nor is the adulteration of food a modern invention, for in the woodcut we have the wine merchant introducing all manner of foreign substances, "salt-petre, sulphur, bones, mustard, and ashes," into the barrel, while the alchemist, busy with retorts and crucibles, is seen carrying on another form of imposture now happily exploded.

The long chapter which reprehends over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table gives a curious view of the social customs of the time, and the author's naïve hints on good manners imply a considerable lack of them among his contemporaries. Some, he says, are too nice to help themselves to salt with their fingers, but he for his part would prefer seeing a clean hand thrust into the salt-cellar to a knife, which, for aught he knows, may have last been used in skinning a cat. The nice point of etiquette thus raised seems to imply that the simple expedient of a common salt-spoon had not yet been hit upon, while we also infer from the context that each guest brought his own table battery, consisting probably of a large clasp-

knife. The poet also condemns as a breach of politeness the device of blowing into a glass to clear away any particles fallen in, as well as the introduction of a knife, or even of a piece of bread to remove them, though the latter passed for the more genteel solution of the difficulty. Among gentlefolk he evidently thinks the correct thing would be to call for a fresh glass, though he considerably remarks that from a poor man such a costly piece of refinement would be too much to expect, and he would apparently give him a dispensation for some slight deviation from the strict laws of good breeding. The carver who in helping his neighbors selects the worse portions for them, reserving the better for himself, he who turns the dish round when it is set before him in order to take a leisurely survey and choose the most inviting morsels, the man who eats too fast, speaks too loud, or monopolizes the general conversation, all come in for their share of reprobation; and these trifling instances show how narrowly the satirist scanned human nature, and how keenly he ridiculed its smallest failings and weaknesses.

This minuteness of detail characterizes the poem throughout, and, while it adds to its interest as an antiquarian relic, undoubtedly detracts from its literary merit. The sense of proportion seems to have been wanting in the author's mind, and he allots no greater space to the denunciation of wickedness than to the analysis of mere social selfishness. Yet this very condescension to trifles, which militated against him as an artist, doubtless increased his usefulness as a preacher; for while actual vice is almost impregnable to satire, the enforcement of the minor moralities comes fairly within its scope. Thus if Sebastian Brant's sententious wisdom helped nothing to the observance of the Decalogue, it might at least hinder breaches of the social code; and if gamblers, cheats, and drunkards were imperious to his ridicule, the man who inconvenienced his neighbors at dinner might fear to find its shafts borrowed by their tongues, in revenge for his greediness or garrulity. At any rate, our author did his best to deprive wickedness of its prestige by classing it with folly, and so far deserved well of his generation.

The English version of the "*Narrenschiff*," published in 1509, attained to nearly as great a celebrity as the German text. It is rather an adaptation than a translation, and ranks almost as an original poem, but its prolixity of style and

tedious versification give no idea of the pithy terseness which gives point and incisiveness to Brant's satire. Its author, Alexander Barclay, was a Dominican monk or Black Friar, whose conscience in matters of doctrine was evidently as elastic as that of the Vicar of Bray in politics, since he acquiesced calmly in the Reformation, and received preferment under Edward VI. Having travelled on the Continent in his youth, he was familiar with foreign tongues, and was a man of considerable attainments. Besides his translation of Brant, he is best known as the author of a series of eclogues, which held a good place in the literature of the time. Barclay's "Ship of Fools" is chiefly interesting as a study of language, being the only important work in English verse produced in the interval between Chaucer and Spenser. It is written in strong idiomatic vernacular, and embodies many popular proverbial phrases still in use, and here found for the first time in literature, as the earliest collection of English proverbs—that of Heywood—was not published till 1546. Thus we read in its pages, "When the stede is stolyn to shyte the stable door." "Better is a frend in courte than a peny in purse." "A crowe to pull." "Better haue one birde sure within thy wall, or fast in a cage, than twenty score without," while the eclogues are still more rich in the homely wit of the popular idiom.

Barclay's poem furnished Sir Edward Coke's caustic wit with a metaphor for a sneer at his great rival. The first edition of the "*Novum Organum*" had on its title-page a woodcut of a ship passing the Straits of Hercules, to signify the new realms about to be explored by philosophy; and on the presentation copy given to Coke the following doggerel rhyme was inscribed in his handwriting, above the proud device of the author:—

It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

In modern English literature the "ship of fools" is more rarely introduced, and probably the latest allusion to it occurs in a now nearly forgotten novel called "Crotchet Castle," by Thomas Love Peacock, a writer of the last generation. The principal characters of the work are discussing a projected pleasure voyage up the Thames and by the head waters of the Severn into the Ellesmere Canal, when Lord Bossnowl, the butt of the party, expresses a hope that if he's to be one of the company the ship is not to be the

ship of fools, thereby, of course, raising a universal laugh against himself.

This imaginary expedition had actually been made by Peacock, who here describes it, in company with the poet Shelley, the explorers following the windings of the Thames until, as the former graphically puts it in a letter, its entire volume had dwindled to so narrow a thread as to be turned aside by a cow lying placidly recumbent across its course. It was during this excursion that Shelley visited Lechdale in Gloucestershire, the scene commemorated by the beautiful lines on "A Summer Evening Churchyard," beginning—

The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
In dusker braids around the languid eyes of day;

Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

It would seem that an additional wave of Lethe has rolled over the work of Brant and Barclay in the generation intervening between Shelley's time and our own, for a passing reference like the above would scarcely be understood by the novel-reading public of the present day. The famous satire is at last forgotten, amid the multitude of ephemeral novelties that burden the library shelves, and few care to explore its antiquated pages. Yet the picture parables and homely truisms in verse with which their author seeks to illustrate and enforce his plain, old-world morality might be found more entertaining than the stereotyped conventionalities of many a modern volume.

From The Fortnightly Review.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"A DISSOLUTE, fantastic writer, died at Baltimore in consequence of fits of intoxication." Such is the summary of Poe's character and career in a popular American encyclopædia, and it represents very fairly the general conception of the man which has been current since his death on both sides of the Atlantic. Alongside of this conception there has been from the first another and more accurate conception, vehemently insisted upon by high authority long before Mr. Ingram systematically set himself to free Poe's memory from certain personal slanders, but the truth has not had a chance in the competition for popular favor. The unfortunate

American poet has been seized upon in popular fancy as a type of the moody, idle, discontented worker by fits and starts; the perfect example of the kind of artist whom George Eliot satirized as a foil to the patient, laborious, contented, and prosperous Stradiuarii. The few who had looked at his work critically knew otherwise; but the many who read "The Raven," or "The Mystery of Marie Roget," believed them to be the weird fancies of a brain distempered by wild fits of drinking, thrown out in semi-delirious intervals; and supposed, if they gave a thought to the author's literary principles, that they were those enunciated by the Bohemian Naldo—

Higher arts

Subsist on freedom — eccentricity —
Uncounted inspirations — influence
That comes with drinking, gambling, talk
turned wild,

Then moody misery and lack of food —
With every dithyrambic fine excess.
These make at last a storm which flashes out
In lightning revelations. Steady work
Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie,
Like grapes beneath the sun, till ripeness
comes

And mellow vintage.

Now, seeing that Poe was at immense pains to explain his literary method; seeing that no man of his time set up a more exacting standard of excellence or labored harder to fulfil its exigencies; seeing that it is much more true that he worked himself to death than that he drank himself to death; seeing that even Baudelaire's charitable assumption that he drank to stimulate his working power and bring back marvellous or awful visions which would not come when his imagination was in its normal state, has been again and again since his death denied by those who knew him intimately — seeing this, it is not a little strange that Poe should have been fixed upon as a type of the irregular, impulsive artist; his name quoted by moralists as a warning, and as a justification by ambitious but self-indulgent youths, waiting for the inspiration which shall enable them to turn out masterpieces without conscious effort. We all know how the mistake about Poe's character is supposed to have originated — in the malice of a biographer who had suffered from the poet's criticism, and who obtained possession of his papers after his death from a confiding relative for the deliberate purpose of taking revenge. But why did the mistake take so deep a root? It is true that Griswold's slanders, which

were at once contradicted, had the start, and they had also the advantage of being prefixed to an edition of the poet's works. But this alone would not account for the enduring hold of the misrepresentation upon the public mind.

Another principle of explanation has to be called in. There can be no doubt that a simple theory of a man's character, or any other complicated phenomenon, has an enormous advantage over a theory which tries to take account of all the facts. Griswold's picture of Poe was not only strongly colored, but it was simple and consistent. The facts of his life as given by this biographer were not only consistent with themselves and with the gloomy, despairing tones of his most famous poems, but they followed naturally upon the circumstances of his birth and his boyhood. His father, a man of good family, had married an actress, and left his home to go upon the stage with her. The pair died young, and their orphan boy was adopted by a childless, wealthy merchant, whose wife indulged him in every caprice, and stimulated his vanity by making him exhibit his precocious talents before her friends. A child thus born and nurtured seemed predestined to an irregular and profligate manhood; and, according to Griswold, he lost no time in fulfilling his destiny. He was sent to the University of Charlottesville, but "a reckless course of dissipation led to his expulsion." He quarrelled with his adopted father, Mr. Allan, because he would not pay his gambling debts. A reconciliation was effected, and he was entered as a cadet at West Point, but "his wayward and reckless habits and impracticable mind were so much at war with the institution that he was compelled to retire from it within a year." He was received again at Mr. Allan's house, but "doubtless from gross misconduct on his part, was soon compelled to leave it forever." Then he tried to make a living by literature, but his connection with various magazines and newspapers, one after another, was "severed by his irregularities." He married a cousin, a girl of fourteen, and it is hinted that her death was caused by his irregularities. Much pity was felt for him, and many efforts were made to lift him out of the mire into which he sank deeper and deeper; but his evil habits were confirmed, and he waywardly threw away every chance. The Boston Lyceum invited him to lecture; he went in a state of intoxication, stuttered through one of his juvenile poems, and afterwards

insulted his entertainers by saying that it was good enough for the literati of Boston, abusing them as "Frog-pondians." In spite of all his excesses, an amiable lady of good position and a poetess was willing to marry him, and their wedding-day was fixed, but a few days before he presented himself at her house in a state of violent intoxication, and made a disturbance, and the match was broken off. It was a fitting conclusion to such a life that one day in Baltimore, the city of his birth, the poet should have "fallen into one of his frequently recurring fits of intoxication, been carried from the street to the hospital, and there died on Sunday morning."

Against a malignant myth like this, so naturally impressive, so simple and complete in its explanation of the poet's life, so harmonious in its details, the complicated truth fights at a hopeless disadvantage. The truth, unfortunately, is complicated. Poe's defenders cannot give the lie direct to all the malicious misrepresentations and insinuations of his biographer; they have to admit ugly facts, and then palliate them or explain them away. A great part of their defence consists in pleading extenuating circumstances—a plea upon which the general mind very properly looks with suspicion. The vindictory testimony which Mr. Ingram has collected shows conclusively that Griswold's memoir gave a grossly distorted view of Poe's life as a whole, but it cannot be denied that there was an element of truth in many of the alleged incidents. It is not true that Poe was expelled from the University of Charlottesville. It is as far as possible from the truth that he began even then to undermine his constitution by riotous excesses. Mr. Ingram has collected the testimony of Poe's schoolfellows, class-fellows, and professors, and they all agree in describing him as a quiet, orderly, studious youth, successful in carrying off college distinctions. The feature which seems most to have struck his class-fellows was a certain melancholy pride and reserve, which Mr. Ingram accounts for as partly constitutional, and partly due to his position as an adopted orphan. That he did not indulge in riotous excesses is sufficiently proved by the fact that he excelled as an athlete, and performed feats of leaping, running, and swimming, with which such excesses are physically incompatible. But it seems to be true that he indulged in gambling; that his gambling debts reached the considerable

total of two thousand dollars, that Mr. Allan refused to pay them, and that he quarrelled with Mr. Allan, and did not return to the university. Further, the records of West Point show that he was expelled from that institution. As against this fact, Mr. Ingram can only argue from internal evidence, which certainly favors his supposition, that for some reason Poe was tired of the institution and the prospect of a military career, and deliberately brought about his expulsion by absenting himself from parades and roll-calls. There is abundant evidence that there was nothing else conspicuously irregular in his conduct, and that all the time he was a great reader of books. When, after this, he quarrelled with Mr. Allan, in consequence apparently of no misconduct more gross than wayward pride, and threw himself upon literature as a profession, there is still no evidence of extraordinary irregularities, and there is abundant evidence of hard work. That prolonged fits of debauchery or negligent execution of duties had anything to do with his giving up editorial work on the Richmond *Southern Literary Messenger*, or the Philadelphia *Gentleman's Magazine*, or *Graham's Magazine*, was conclusively refuted, as soon as the charge was made, by the proprietors with whom he had co-operated. There remains the fact that he did frequently change his employment, and that he did, after some eight years of laborious struggle in his profession, begin to yield to the temptation to drink, which gained such a hold upon him in the later years of his life, when he was the mere wreck of what he had been, when his home was broken up by the death of his wife, and his dreams of ambition were threatened with the same doom as his dreams of domestic happiness. But for the fact that Griswold's insinuation that Poe's habits of dissipation were the cause of his misfortunes has been so often repeated since the truth was made known, one could not have believed it possible that such a slander once established, could have survived the exposure of its falsehood by Mr. Graham, the proprietor of the magazine with which the poet was connected.

I shall never forget [Mr. Graham wrote in 1850, soon after Griswold's "Memoir" appeared] how solicitous of the happiness of his wife and mother-in-law he was, whilst one of the editors of *Graham's Magazine*; his whole efforts seemed to be to procure the comfort and welfare of his home. Except for their happiness, and the natural ambition of having

a magazine of his own, I never heard him deplore the want of wealth. The truth is, he cared little for money, and knew less of its value, for he seemed to have no personal expenses. What he received from me in regular monthly instalments went directly into the hands of his mother-in-law for family comforts; and *twice* only I remember his purchasing some rather expensive luxuries for his house, and then he was nervous to the degree of misery until he had, by extra articles, covered what he considered an imprudent indebtedness. His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born — her slightest cough causing in him a shudder and heart-chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes, eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain!

This was the wife whom Poe's biographer, with unspeakable malignity, accused him of neglecting and ill-treating. Mr. Ingram has done well to put on record the poet's own confession and explanation of the "irregularities" into which he fell during his wife's protracted illness.

Six years ago [Poe wrote to a friend in 1848] a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again — again — and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly, and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive — nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During those fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank — God knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the *death* of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible never-ending oscillation between hope and despair, which I could not longer have endured without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new, but — O God! — how melancholy an existence.

This explanation, wrung from the heart of a proud, high-spirited man, to whom such explanation must have been torture, is a sufficient answer to the degrading

charges of vulgar profligacy and dissipation which have been affixed to his name, and the knowledge of the truth ought to consign his traducer to everlasting infamy. No one who has inquired into the painful story of Poe's latter days can doubt for a moment that his irregularities were the result and not the cause of his misfortunes. More than this: no one can help feeling that squabbling or hair-splitting over the question of his indulgence in strong drink is unworthy of the dignity of his figure in literature, and pitifully out of keeping with the tragic interest of his career. Still, the question of his personal habits having been raised, it may be doubted whether the poet's defenders have not been betrayed into a line of defence which is in itself unfortunate and misleading. In pleading the unhappy circumstances of his life as an explanation of the malady to which he succumbed, they find themselves face to face with the question why his circumstances were so unhappy; why, with all his genius and unremitting labor, his writings were so unremunerative, that when his powers were in their prime, he fought a losing battle with poverty. The answer which Mr. Ingram suggests to this question — that Poe made so many enemies by his critical onslaughts on writers of whom the American people were proud, that the doors of the market were closed against him — is not satisfactory. But the truth is, that the question may be answered fully and completely without supposing Poe to have been the victim of spite and resentment, and without supposing that the American public were too stupid to understand him till after his death, and that they were much to blame in allowing one of their most extraordinary men of genius to starve during his lifetime. The main cause of Poe's failure to maintain himself was not the malice of aggrieved mediocrities; and it is putting him altogether into too vulgar a category to class him among misappreciated and underrated men of genius. The original fault lay as little with rivals, with the public, or with the publishers, as with the poet's alleged habits of intemperance. The causes of his failure are to be found in his mental habits and methods of work, and without attempting anything like a complete analysis of his genius, it may be worth while to consider some of his more salient peculiarities, and to show how they inevitably limited the amount of his literary production.

In the first place, then, Poe was an

intellectual voluptuary, though the exercises of mind in which he sought pleasure are as far removed as possible from the ordinary idea of enjoyment. Analysis, which to most minds is a synonym for all that is dry and repugnant, was his master passion. Not a little of the misapprehension which has darkened his memory has arisen, as in the case of Byron, from confounding him with his own fictitious characters. Griswold's calumnies would probably have been much more easily dispossessed if they had not found support in the narrative of the profligate youth of William Wilson, who has been generally identified with the author himself. We should therefore be cautious about identifying him with any of the personages in his stories, every trait in whose characters was skillfully fashioned to support an artistic aim. But there can be little doubt that in the emphasis which he constantly laid upon the pleasure to be derived from analysis, he spoke from personal experience, and that the youth who took delight in the German moralists, "not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which his habits of thought enabled him to detect their falsities," was an umbration of himself.

The analytical faculties [he says in his description of the character of Dupin, the amateur detective in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue"] are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that mental activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solution of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results brought about by the very soul and essence of method have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

In this passage Poe described his own besetting pleasure, the pleasure which drew him irresistibly after it whenever opportunity offered, and which is mainly responsible for the unprofitable dissipation of his energies. In the strength of this intellectual propensity and not in any loose hankering after vulgar vice, we have probably the true explanation, or a large part of the explanation, of his gambling fit at the university. One of his favorite theories was, that by close observation of an opponent in any game of cards, and searching analysis of the

meaning of his looks, it was possible to tell his hand as accurately as if one saw it. The reduction of chance to a working mathematical formula was another problem which forcibly challenged his intellect. But while it is possible that it was by these intellectual provocations to gamble that the young student was led astray, it must also be admitted as possible that such an apology is as wide of the mark as it would be in the case of any other scapegrace, and that Poe gambled, as other young men have gambled, from mere love of excitement. In using his ungovernable delight and pride in feats of analysis, his inability to leave any problem which accident threw in his way till he had sifted it to the bottom, as an explanation of his difficulty in making a living by literature, we stand upon surer ground. Every admirer of Poe's genius must have marvelled and sorrowed over the time which he gave to the solution of cryptographs. In an article on cryptography he had committed himself to the theory that the human intellect was incapable of devising any cipher which the human intellect could not unravel. Immediately the magazine in which the article appeared was besieged by crowds of correspondents, each of whom believed himself to be in possession of a cipher which no human being could read without the key. Although Poe's proposition did not imply that his was the human intellect which could solve any cipher, he at once took up the challenge, and triumphantly solved every cipher that was sent in—a feat which was neither in his day's work nor in his day's wages.

And this is only a type of the habit by which Poe squandered his intellectual force. Much of his work for the *Southern Messenger* and *Graham's Magazine* consisted in reviewing books. Mr. Ingram deplors this, not only because he thereby made enemies—a belief with which reviewers of books often console themselves when their own productions are ill-treated—but also because he ought to have been employed in work more worthy of his genius. He does not, however, it seems to me, bring out with sufficient emphasis how much of his force Poe wasted in this labor, viewed simply as a means of livelihood. Poe did his work too thoroughly, both for the amount paid and for the purposes of the periodical. The feat which he performed in reviewing the first number of "Barnaby Rudge" shows the spirit in which he approached his duties. He gave in that review a speculative account of

the course that the plot ought to follow, and solved in advance the mystery of Hareddale's murder with such exactitude that Dickens wrote in astonishment to ask whether his reviewer had dealings with the devil. If Poe had examined only masterpieces with the microscopic completeness with which he analyzed "Barnaby Rudge," the labor might have paid him in furnishing hints for his own creative work. But every book that was submitted to him underwent the same process of exhaustive scrutiny. Every book presented itself to his analytic faculty as a problem to be attacked and solved; he analyzed the writer's aims and his method, and set himself to consider how the subject ought to have been treated. The reviewer who can supply five lines on a book in five minutes is the reviewer who can hope to make reviewing a profitable trade. Poe could not or would not do this; every book, good or bad, was a challenge to his powers of analysis, and he could not part with it till he had dissected it out. Perhaps we may ask whether work of this kind ought not to have been better paid and more highly appreciated. Poe's employers would probably have answered this question by saying that the public, whom they were trying to induce to buy their periodicals, did not care for this kind of thoroughness. They were not catering for an audience of artists who might have found profit as well as pleasure in a masterly analysis of the mechanism of a book. Their audience only cared to know whether a book was interesting, worth reading, or worth buying; how it might have been made more interesting, and whether it satisfied exacting canons of construction, were matters in which they had a languid concern or no concern at all. What chiefly struck Poe's employers about his reviews was that they were "classical and scholarlike," and they were aware also that he wrote with "fastidious difficulty." Into the secret of his difficulty they did not inquire. They probably considered it a defect in him that he was not a more ready writer. And they measured the value of his articles on the sound commercial principle that, except when he chanced to make a sensation by exposing the weak points of celebrities, they could get reviews equally, or perhaps more, suited to the requirements of the general reader at the same price.

But, it may be asked, why did Poe's employers allow him to waste his time in analytic criticisms, stipulating only for

the introduction of "spice" into his analysis, a requirement which he fulfilled by a not very happy imitation of the humor of De Quincey? Why, instead of keeping him drudging at book-reviewing, did they not urge him to supply them with tales and poems? Surely this implied a certain dulness of appreciation. It may be doubted, however, whether in this matter either the publishers were to blame. They could not have been unaware of the value—the commercial value—of Poe's tales; for chiefly by means of them the circulation of *Graham's Magazine* was raised in one year from two or three thousand to twenty-five thousand. Mr. Graham, we may be sure, would have been glad of a supply of such tales as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," though it appears that he was not prepared to pay more than fifty dollars for "The Gold Bug." But the truth is that the supply was not forthcoming in plentiful quantity. In writing tales, as in writing reviews, Poe composed with "fastidious difficulty," and the secret of the difficulty is again to be found in his passion for scrupulous, exhaustive analysis. The exacting scrutiny of artistic aims and artistic mechanism which he applied to the productions of others, he applied with even greater rigor to his own.

Poe let the world into the secret of his "philosophy of composition" in what purported to be a frank confession of the various steps by which his poem of "The Raven" attained its ultimate point of completion. The revelation, as we shall see, left much to be revealed; but, as far as it went, it was such a shock to received notions that there is an all but universal consent to regard Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" as a joke. Mr. Ingram speaks of it as a "half-hoaxing, half-serious" essay, and apparently numbers it among the evidences of the poet's love of mystification. There is, indeed, a ghastly attempt at humor in one passage, that in which he dismisses as irrelevant to the poem *per se* "the circumstances—or say the necessity"—of composing a poem which should suit at once the popular and the critical taste. But as regards the substance of Poe's revelation, he was no more jesting about this than Newton was when he propounded his theory of gravitation. Whether Poe was right in supposing that all poems ought to be composed in the same way, is another question; but that the basis of "The Raven" was laid after the method which he describes, there is not the least occa-

sion to doubt. Not only so, but any one who looks analytically at Poe's tales will see that all the best of them, from the "MS. Found in a Bottle" downwards, bear every mark of having been constructed on the same plan. And the wearing, worrying labor imposed upon his imagination by the stringent subjection of its activity to analytic fetters, goes far to explain the premature breakdown of his powers.

Let us see what the process was that Poe described. His essay on the "Philosophy of Composition" starts from a question asked him by Dickens, "Are you aware that Godwin wrote his 'Caleb Williams' backwards?" In answer to this Poe maintains that "every plot worth the name must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything is attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or causation by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention." The dullest person may be defied to see anything humorous in this. Poe took Dickens to task for having—indefatigable artist though he was—written "Barnaby Rudge" without a fixed determination as to where the plot was to lead him, and detected unmistakable signs of wandering intention, details here and there impressively introduced as for a purpose, and left stranded, as it were, in the tale, having no purpose to fulfil, because the purpose for which they had been introduced had been abandoned. It was Poe's theory that in order to secure the highest possible effect, no detail should be irrelevant, every incident, however trivial, should be in harmony with the impression designed to be left at the end by the completed work. The theory is by no means peculiar to him, but it may be doubted whether anybody ever strove with such indomitable effort to make his invention comply with this hard condition. In order to the perfect realization of such an ideal, it was not necessary—as he said—that the artist should work backwards; there would, indeed, be no obvious advantage in such a mode of proceeding; but it was necessary that the artist should have in his eye from the first the goal of his endeavor, and that he should settle upon this before starting. Nobody, it may safely be presumed, would deny that this was not merely Poe's philosophy, but his actual method of composition in the case of his tales. "I prefer," he says in his

essay, "instead of taking a theme from historical or contemporary incident, commencing with the consideration of an effect. Keeping originality always in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily obtainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, 'Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?' Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone, whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone, afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect."

There is something repugnant in this dry, analytic way of expressing an artist's designs upon his readers. We should not refuse our credence to such a confession from an actor, a stage artist, because we go to a theatre resigned to the knowledge that illusions are to be practised on our feelings. But we have a deep-rooted belief in the novelist as being more a creature of impulse. Still, whether Poe is to be called theatrical or not for his pains, few persons who have examined the mechanism of his tales will refuse to believe that they were conceived and constructed in this way, that the themes did not rise in his mind incidentally or accidentally, but were deliberately sought for and chosen for their suitability to the production of certain preconceived impressions. But when we come to a poem so weird, so fantastic, so overcharged apparently with personal, spontaneous impulse, as "The Raven," the poet's cold-blooded retrospective analysis of the stages through which it took shape in his brain is so paradoxical that there is much excuse for receiving it with incredulous laughter. After telling us how he decided that the poem must be short—it was one of his theories that a long poem is a contradiction in terms, no mind being capable of sustaining itself in the exaltation proper to poetry through a long poem—and that its effect must be sad, the tone of sadness belonging to the highest manifestation of beauty, Poe proceeds to say:

The length, the province, and the tone being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me

as a keynote in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or, more properly, points in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of the *application of the refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature of my refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character of the word*. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary; the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next desideratum was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "Nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating

the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non-reasoning* creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended tone.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill-omen—monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself, "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" "Death," was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore." I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application of the word* repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition, and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his question as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in my mind the climax, or concluding query—that query to which "Nevermore"

should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word “Nevermore” should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here, then, the poem may be said to have had its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper.

There is something irresistibly ludicrous in this matter-of-fact statement about combining the two ideas of the despairing lover and the monotonous raven, and the fun seems to get more fast and furious as the poet proceeds to tell how he discussed with himself various ways of bringing the lover and the raven together, and for what reasons, founded on profound analysis of emotional effect, he resolved to bring them together as he did. The poem has impressed us as a cry from a stricken heart, and it is disenchanted to be told that it was a deliberately planned assault, step by step, upon our feelings. We feel as if we had been deceived, and we naturally prefer to believe that the poet is only in jest, that he is making an attempt, which we can easily see through, to mystify us. Yet that Poe should have laid the groundwork of his poem in this way, and sifted and tested every plank in the structure as he explains, is in thorough accordance with the critical theories which we find perpetually recurring in his writings, theories propounded and argued with a uniform persistency which leaves no room for the suspicion of a jest.

One may safely say that the belief that Poe was serious in the philosophy of composition which he illustrated from his own construction of “The Raven” would commend itself generally more to his detractors than to his admirers. To take it seriously seems at first sight to deny all his claims to genius and imagination, to represent him as a cold, mechanical, artificial worker by rule and compass, building up by slow, calculating effort what the man of genius does by easy, unconscious instinct. We should, indeed, have reached a glaringly absurd conclusion if we had involved ourselves by following any theory in the denial of Poe’s possession of creative power. Patent facts would confute us. But the truth is that the poet in what he calls his reconstruction of “The Raven,” his recollection of the processes followed in the original construction, does not let us so deep into the secret of the composition as we might suppose if we did

not pause and reflect. An inconsiderate reader might jump to the conclusion that Poe had here laid bare the whole process of the making of the poem, that he had given as it were a recipe by observing which any man of ordinary intellect might produce such another poem. Some such conclusion as this does perhaps lie in the minds of those who cannot bring themselves to believe that he was in earnest. But what he really does in this essay is to show the limits which he voluntarily imposed upon his imagination, the course which, by previous analytic effort, he marked out for it, and within which he constrained it to run. He explains that he began by resolving to produce certain effects; but we are not brought by this explanation any the nearer to the imaginative process by which he produced them. He shows us how he tested by analytic processes the materials which his imagination brought at the summons of his will; it does not follow that anybody who can understand the justness of the tests, could order their imagination to bring them similar materials with any likelihood of being obeyed. If Poe was serious in his “Philosophy of Composition,” and if he did construct his poems after the method which he describes, the fact is not a proof of poverty of imagination; on the contrary no higher proof could be afforded of the fertility of his imagination than that it should have been able to bring him from its stores what he wanted to satisfy his exacting critical standard.

Among other circumstances which may have favored the idea that Poe’s account of his method of construction was a jest or a satire on plodding rhymesters we may reckon the idea that this is not the way in which great poems generally are composed. Poe fully recognized this; his pride lay in being an artist, working consciously with all his powers of analysis, imagination, and will for the realization of definitely conceived aims. Other poets have not taken the world so much into their confidence, whether in jest or in earnest; but the outsider’s conception of the ordinary genesis of a poem is that it is produced rather by a process of growth than of deliberately motived construction; that it develops in the poet’s mind, by gradual expansion of which he is imperfectly conscious, by steps which he could not recall if he tried, from germ to complete creation. The outside critic may be permitted to believe that except in peculiarly happy cases the imagination

cannot safely be left unchecked if its luxuriance is to be brought within the limits of art, and that the happiest genius is compelled sometimes to practise the chilling process of self-criticism. In one of his numerous discourses on the analytic faculty, Poe laid down the paradox that the constructive faculty is much less rare than is commonly supposed, and that it is nowhere found more active than in idiots. That is to say, any fool can construct; the test of wisdom, of sanity, of genius lies in being able to adapt construction to definite ends, whether in practical invention or in poetry. Whatever amount of truth there may be in this paradox—there is generally a solid substratum of truth in Poe's paradoxes—whether or not it be true, as he maintained, that the analytic faculty is so far from being incompatible with the imaginative faculty that neither can exist in their highest development apart—we can all easily understand what happens when, as in his case, the analytic faculty is paramount and imperious, and insists that the imaginative faculty shall not stir a step except in obedience to its behests. If Poe had possessed less powers of analysis and a more easily satisfied judgment, there can be no doubt that he would have been a much more joyous and prosperous worker. He may have been right or he may have been wrong in his assumption that most writers, and especially poets, would shudder at the idea of telling the secrets of their art—if he had been alive now, the reception of his own confessions might have convinced him that revelations of the kind are as distasteful to the readers of poets as to the poets themselves—but it is readily intelligible that an imaginative artist, working under such conditions as he imposed on himself, must have suffered tortures in the act of composition from the impediments to an easy flow of matter which he specifies—"elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, true purposes seized only at the last moment, innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, cautious selections and rejections, painful evasions and interpolations." The torture must have been all the more keen and exasperating in proportion to the fiery impatience, the eager, far-reaching ambition, of his temperament; confinement is more deadly to an animal raging under impulses for freedom than to an animal with a torpid predisposition to contentment. To understand

Poe's method of work is to understand the reason why he produced so little, why he did not produce enough to furnish himself with a means of living, and why, circumstanced as he was, his restless, sensitive mind was chafed and fretted into insanity. He broke himself on a wheel of his own making.

WILLIAM MINTO.

From The Spectator.

A SCOTCH TUTOR.

THE Scotch student who begins with bright hopes of a pulpit career, then finds the entrance thereto too narrow for his expanding mind, and at last has to content himself with the humble lot of private tutor, is a common character in the pages of fiction. In real life, he is not met often nowadays, and is sometimes believed impossible, in these more liberal times. There was one, however, well known to many London Scots, whose remains a few sorrowing friends quietly interred at Kensal Green last Saturday afternoon. Once at least his story has furnished materials for a character-sketch, but at some points it was more touching than anything of the kind contained in fiction. Wherever he went, he made friends. There was a charm in his open countenance and sparkling eyes that spoke to every heart. A pure Highlander, the liquid drawl of his speech and the not very gainly movements of his tall figure added a piquancy to the flow of his talk; and no long inter-course was needed to reveal a mind of unusual power, and a memory that seemed to overflow with information on every conceivable subject. Even when in controversy he became—as was so often the case—unmeasuredly scathing in his rebuke of what he thought wrong, those who differed from him could not help admiring the outspoken ingenuousness of his fervid nature. Still to the end R. G. Tolmie remained but a humble tutor.

He was born some forty-five years ago, in the Black-isle of Ross-shire, a rather bleak peninsula on the east coast, with the birthplace of Hugh Miller at the one end and that of Roderick Murchison at the other, and in between, the schooldays' home of Sir James Mackintosh. His father was the schoolmaster and also the catechist or lay-pastor of his parish. He was one of a band of godly men whose piety gave such intensity to the Evangelical movement that led to the well-known

disruption of 1843. The district was, indeed, at that time pre-eminent for its religious zeal. The "Apostle of the North," was its leading presbyter, and most of his colleagues were similarly famed. The schoolmaster's boy early revealed gifts that marked him out for the ministry, and soon he was found among the Highland students at the University of Edinburgh. Teaching in his father's or some other local school was, of course, a necessary alternative with the college sessions. Still, he pursued his studies with increasing ardor, and these were not confined by the mere limits of class requirements. Then began the course of reading in every direction of study that seemed to make of him for the rest of his life a walking encyclopædia. Hebrew literature, from Moses to Maimonides, and all the windings of English theology, seem to have had particular attraction for the young Highlander. With progressing studies came doubts of his suitability for a Free Kirk pulpit. The difficulty soon received a practical solution. He crossed the Border, bade good-bye for the time to pulpit ambition, and sought employment in the less fettered calling of "teacher." His wants were few, his tastes simple, and so far, success was not difficult to gain. Wherever he went, his eyes and ears were open. Local history, local customs, social and political conditions, and the like, all were inquired into, and never forgotten. London, however, had its strong attractions. There was the British Museum, over whose library his mind could range with unrestrained delight. There, too, in Edward Irving's successor he found a presbyter who could appreciate the free and open utterances of his young mind. James Hamilton was no theological innovator, but his cultured nature and catholic sympathies always placed him on the side of freedom. Particularly did he display this among his young men. These, mostly recent arrivals from Scotland, were just beginning life, fresh from the restraints of home, with their young minds at the most critical point of development. A society, formed among them by Hamilton, for the serious discussion of everything that interested them, soon became a school of thought that for nearly forty years has, in its quiet way, been one of the most useful institutions in London. Here Tolmie found a most congenial field. The pupils of his daily work were important, but they were little compared with this constant-flowing stream of young merchants, bankers, lawyers, and the like,

who were now shaping their characters, and would soon be scattered over every colony and settlement where a Scotchman finds employment. Here, week after week, he poured forth the floods of his thought and reading. Cautious elders shook their heads, and some muttered loudly when his speculations became unusually daring, or his generalizations amazingly sweeping. But there was a devout reverence and spiritual fervor in all he said that compelled toleration, and gained over the young minds a never-to-be-forgotten influence.

Theology and ecclesiastical history were his favorite themes; but a rare instinct for seizing great public questions just before they became prominent made his work in that direction particularly useful. Land reform, for example, was a subject he had widely studied. Long did he strive to enlighten and inform every one he could reach on all its bearings, and deeply grateful was he to see the swift progress of public opinion concerning it.

About fifteen years ago, he settled for some time at a middle-class school near Southampton. The work was congenial, and London was near enough for an occasional visit with some fresh disquisition to his admiring young friends at Regent Square. After a few years there, he was persuaded that if he would only attend the Presbyterian College for a year, the usual further study could be dispensed with, and he could at once enter the ministry. His early ambitions seemed to return. He gave up his teaching, and sat at the feet of professors who would be the first to acknowledge his superior attainments. But still he was more than a student. Many a young Scotchman fighting doubts and difficulties found his way to the quiet lodgings near the British Museum, and there found a guide, philosopher, and friend,—another "Sandy MacKaye," who was never so delighted as when, over quiet pipe or frugal supper, he saw the young mind unfolding before his expositions.

Often did friends urge him to write for the press, but he was slow to move. His free, full flow seemed to shrink from the restraints that brief space imposes, and his Celtic reserve could not face the persistent assertion required for gaining a footing on the London press. Now and again an article from his pen saw the light, and in this new student-time he seemed to have stirred himself with fresh energy. Two or three articles in the

British and Foreign, several short notices in the *Contemporary*, and similar productions, seemed to promise new activity.

Now, however, came the sore blow of his life. The year of study was over. The application to the Synod was to have been simply formal, and in a few days he would have made the advance looked forward to in youth, drawn back from in doubt, but now deliberately sought. But, alas! it was not to be. At the Synod some one whispered heresy, and at its very mention the formal application disappeared, without, apparently, a word of defence. On Tolmie's proud Celtic nature the stroke fell like a death-blow. Others might think it a small matter. To him, it meant disgrace. He was not the man, nor had he the standing from which to fight for freedom, so he brooded over it in dejection. Friends might think he was better out of the pulpit, and urge on him other enterprises, but the sting of his treatment would not heal. Before next year's Synod several of his young friends moved on his behalf, a committee was appointed to confer with him, and the application refused the previous year was quietly passed. This so far relieved his sensitive mind, but the past could not be removed. It had taught him how the Presbyterian pulpit is hampered even in these days, and he did not care to enter any other, although overtures were made to him. So he returned to teaching, and remained to the end "a Scotch tutor." The year of study and the unsettled time that followed must have absorbed all his savings, yet friends could never find any opportunity of directly aiding him. His Celtic reserve and stern independence were proof against every effort, however adroit. His wants were few, and his habits simple, and so long as he could keep the wolf from the door he was content. By-and-by, pupils were gained; he often conducted examinations for the College of Preceptors and other bodies, and now and again engaged in some small literary enterprise. He never became quite as genial as before, but his rich stores of learning and thought continued to be poured forth, wherever an opening could be found. A Highlander and student of Celtic literature, he was drawn to the Gaelic Society of London, one of the many which, in their quiet way, preserved the enthusiasm that gave such success to Professor Blackie's campaign for a Gaelic chair. Here Tolmie was particularly at home. His countrymen were delighted to welcome one as ardent as themselves, and

his wealth of information did much to enlarge the scope of their studies. His interest in land reform made him often turn to the working classes of London for an audience. A series of short articles from his pen on "The Land Question" appeared in the *Secularist*, then conducted with no little earnestness by Mr. G. W. Foote; and once, at least, he was known to lecture from a Sunday League platform on this question. To some old friends this was a crowning offence. Tolmie was now a *Secularist*, they said. But that was impossible. The warm Celtic nature, the intense spirituality, of this son of a Highland elder could never succumb to *Secularism*. The step may have been unwise, for himself, but contact with such a fervid nature could not fail to be salutary to a secular audience. He still continued, however, to visit the young men of Regent Square, where fresh audiences were learning to admire the greatness of his gifts.

Some eighteen months ago he became exceedingly unwell. The privations of the past, notwithstanding the never-varied regularity of his habits, seemed to have weakened his robust constitution. Even now anxious friends found it all but impossible to overcome his Celtic reserve and independence, and give him the aid they would gladly have rendered. The Deacon's Court, at Regent Square, kindly offered him pecuniary aid, but he firmly answered "No." He could not bear to think of permitting his religious profession to become a pretext for charity. Mistaken the feeling may have been, but who can help admiring it! After a time he was able to revisit his Highland home, and there seemed to gain fresh strength. Last winter he was back in London, looking as fresh and strong as ever. He was often found busy at the British Museum; and the political campaign of the spring he followed with great interest. Frequently was his voice raised in denunciation of Conservative misdoings, and he even took his share in the voluntary canvas of Marylebone — where he belonged to the Four Hundred — on behalf of the Liberal candidates. His friends rejoiced in his new vigor, and hoped soon to see his great abilities finding scope in some new direction. But these hopes were soon disappointed. His recovery was only apparent, and a few days ago he suddenly became unwell in the street, reached his lodgings with difficulty, and after twenty-four hours of intense suffering was gone.

It was but a handful of friends that joined Mr. Fremantle in the last service they could render to his remains. Yet there was something characteristic of Tolmie's own catholic nature in the gathering with whom a Broad Church rector read the beautiful burial service over this stern Nonconformist's grave. A professor of political economy and a Presbyterian elder, the secretary of the Gaelic Society and the secretary of a Liberal club, a Scotch doctor and a young publisher, a church architect and a granite-mason, these, with a few others, represented the large circle who learned so much from his lips, and who will hear of his death with surprising regret. Stern conscientiousness and adverse conditions prevented him from fulfilling the hopes they could not fail to cherish concerning him. Still, in their memories he will long have an enduring monument, for scattered over the globe and moving in every rank of life, from the workshop to the Senate, is many a Scotchman who owed the first real opening of his mental vision to this obscure Scotch tutor.

From The Spectator.

CANNES.

CANNES last winter afforded material for not a few paragraphs in the papers that chronicle the doings of "society." Balls and duchesses abounded by the sheltered Mediterranean bay, where multitudinous villas are scattered pell-mell within sound of the sea and up pine-crowned heights, where, alas! white plastered walls make ugly gashes in the feathery slopes. For in that arcadia, day after day the winter sky is of the warm blue, rarely flecked by clouds, against which the southern vegetation detaches its outlines as if it were conscious of furthest ethereal space. Morning and evening the volcanic crests of the Estérel Mountains flame in golden or in violet splendor, above the ever-throbbing, ever-smiling sea. As spring advances, the fields send up their worship of color and perfume from narcissus, anemones, violets, and tulips. The Alps are far; the eye only rests on habitable valleys and sheltering slopes. The harsh draughts of Nice, the enervating calm of Mentone, are less agreeable than the airy mildness of Cannes, which keeps health and cheerfulness at their best. It is not strange that very charming people should have

found the peculiar refinement of the place in sympathy with their best tastes. Even the French world of the most exclusive sort finds that, in this at least, British feeling has not been misplaced, and by the winter residence there of personages representative of what is best and most characteristic in the elder French society a particular distinction is gained for Cannes, which in some degree preserves it from the glaring vulgarities and absurdities of a Brighton or a Cowes. Let all who love the place be thankful for the graceful sulks, the attitude of semi-exile, the well-marked piety, and dislike to "immoral episodes" and licentious thought, which, for the French colony at least, preserve Cannes as a "*ville sérieuse*," where no theatre, no doubtful visitors, no individuals known to the police, are allowed, much less encouraged. And one of the interests of Cannes is the diversity of its society, where in a small space many types, elsewhere not in juxtaposition, are to be studied. In the early winter, the invalids are notably visible and important, but except in their doctors' eyes, they lose their prominence as the town fills. Rumors of balls replace conversation on the climate. Dinners cease to be hygienic; the winter sun gleams with keen, white light on increasingly startling English costumes, just come from Mayfair. Trains go and come on the eastern line laden with moralists, who have been at Monaco because it is so lovely, or because the concerts there are so good, or because its *habitués* afford strange studies of character. Cannes is not yet the ante-room to Monte Carlo, except for a very few; let us hope that it will not become the English fashion to make it so, and that people who want to gamble, and butter their daily bread with agreeable vice, will go to Nice, or stay at Monaco. The aspects of English "high life," to use a phrase seriously adopted in French literature, are much the same at Cannes as in any other place where English fashion holds its court; but the contact of our national characteristics, of our religious and political tendencies, with those of the best French society still clinging to the traditions of an elder and politer world, gives to it light and shade. There is a large and wealthy middle class, more or less valetudinarian, who cling persistently to insular dogmas concerning drugs, drains, and doxies. They now and then attempt to read a French novel, but, on the whole, they indulge, with almost a sense that they are fulfilling a

duty, in ignorance of the country they patronize. They hardly believe it has a higher literature, they know little of its energy of thought, or of the social and political currents which flow just now so impetuously. But a very superficial glance at the life at Cannes might teach us many a fact worth knowing, might indicate forces which are more than usually active, might let the observer see what are the antagonisms of uneasy Europe on a very small, yet not the less true scale, just as a storm in a teacup may reveal the laws of a tornado.

We are reminded, with somewhat of surprise, of the acrimony and divergence of excellent Christians. Many a prejudice, many a practice we had considered obsolete, are in full vigor at Cannes. Furious Evangelical and fiery Ritualist shout beneath the cloudless canopy. Three Anglican churches form, let us hope, white light, by the union of their very diverse colors. There are Scotch churches, French and Swiss Protestant temples, Bible meetings, soup-kitchens, where strong meat soup is doled to the working classes during the strictest fasts; missionaries speaking the Provençal tongue, the better to seize on unwary natives; schools with every attraction of universal knowledge, and pre-eminently the knowledge how to proselytize children and parents by arguments of the most practical sort; *asiles* where the sick are doctored on gospel principles; advertisements, Bible *dépôts*, and all the pomp and circumstance of propagandism. The gauntlet so fairly flung down is necessarily taken up by the *âmes pieuses* among the French, who feel that all these foreign wolves in strange English costumes must not make away with the sheep and lambs of the parish. Hence, rival "*œuvres*," and many sermons; piety in its full life, and, as after all the town and the poor are French, piety in its right place, and reasonable in its efforts, — and if ever slightly controversial, perforce so, because of the vehement effort to disturb the faith of the ignorant and rather indifferent people. But to a looker-on, the rivalry betrays a most curious lack of perception on the part of the well-meaning strangers. Surely the comfortable zealots who are eager to nibble at the foundations of whatever religion yet remains in revolutionized France (fortunately, those foundations are deeper than is sometimes supposed), do not wish to identify themselves with Nihilists in religious matters. The respectable rich cannot wish to undermine

the laws of reverence at the base of society, or in the name of liberty second the tyranny of anti-Christian hatred, which threatens the civilization of Continental Europe. But the respectable rich are not very intelligent, and so money is lavishly spent on religious disintegration. Servants are tempted to profess a spurious Protestantism during the good pleasure and good payment of their employers. Children are filched from schools where they learn the first lessons of duty and faith, that they may fill the benches and excuse the expense that is so freely incurred in starting opposition classes, with many more additional attractions than the poor machinery of the place can offer. Truly, these "valiant for truth" folk do not look far ahead, or they would shrink from their work of destruction, and the active aid they afford to the professors of the law of hate *versus* the law of love. Probably few of the picnickers at Cannes think of the under-life of which they snatch away the essence in two or three months of extravagance and idleness. If they think of it at all, it is to grumble loudly at the efforts of the chief lady of Cannes, whose name need not be told to any who know the place, because she tries to stem the rush of selfish frivolity, to remind English visitors of the perpetual debt owed by the rich to the poor, and to support and extend the works of charity — partially, it must be owned, works of self-defence — which she has established, as the place has by its increase of motley population needed their multiplication. It would be well if the better-meaning English visitors would use their common sense to see that the various good works in aid of the children, the sick, and the aged of Cannes deserve a special respect, because there, where social extremes are so marked and the population so shifting, it is more important to mend social fractures, and carry on the work of class reconciliation, than elsewhere; work important, in the first instance, to the poor, but far more to the rich, if they will but look ahead.

Meantime, at Cannes, society is beginning to labor hard at pleasure, which may presently spoil the enjoyment of the place. Its world is very worldly. It affords plenty of material to occupy the pen of a Thackeray or a Greville, yet we have dwelt on the religious irritations of Cannes because they represent curious survivals, and they afford possible forecasts of what, after all, must ever attract the curiosity, if not the affection, of men

and women. In France the religious volcano is in actual eruption, and at Cannes the motley and superficial crowd is more or less unconsciously an index to the current of deeper thought. The figures that lounge in the Cercle Nautique, that meet with surprise at cosmopolitan picnics or club balls, are representative, from the Russian who intrudes fragments of Louis Quinze life under the respectable noses of "advanced" Englishwomen, to the invalid grandee and his swarming ministers the Swiss hotel-keepers and shopkeepers. Exiled princes and their adherents are at Cannes conspicuous flotsam, left by the high tide of monarchy; but equally at Cannes are there tokens of further tempest, angry dawns just hinted through the decorous twilight of legitimism.

The place will be crowded next winter. Much that is undesirable of modern fashion will doubtless obtain within its three miles of villas. The best energies of the British will be given to lawn tennis, and few will concern themselves about Provençal or Ligurian customs and tempers; yet we appeal to the least frivolous of the modish mob to preserve the pleasant place from the vulgarities, the pseudo-reforms, the mischievous patronage that are apt to follow on "upper-class" invasion. We protest against upper-class contempt for indigenous life that is the outcome of so antique and vivid a history as is that of Provence.

The excellent and rich patrons of Evangelical societies, and tract distributors, who have, in the last twenty years, poured some thirty million pamphlets assailing the national religion into France, would do well to pause and think to what end

they are working. But we English, being singularly opinionated, and confident that the British Church and Constitution are the only panaceas for all European evils, lend our weight of character and purse to the destructive forces, which are as contrary to liberty as to all religion. Excellent, well-to-do souls fidget about Europe, and, as far as they know how, by making war on the only possible religion of many localities, strengthen the hands of officials who are too glad to see the churches emptied, and with light hearts hasten the Nihilism which is only an extreme and antedated form of the gospel of demolition. After all, how can English people of the class that is at once endowed with delicate health and heavy purses be expected to know much of these subjects? "*Anglicise, advenne que pourra*," is the motto of too many of the errant Bayards of British thought. Yet would they but try to learn something of the true family life of their hosts by the Provençal shores, would they but endeavor to get below the surface—not a truth-telling surface, in such a world as that of Cannes—they would see much that we in England might well respect of simple faith and morals; while in the French society of the place, a degree of piety and a high tone of manners exist, as a rule, of which some recent volumes of memoirs give a fair idea. There is more to learn than to teach at Cannes, more to help than there is to reform. Shall we English ever believe that we are not wisest and best, and born to set the world to rights, by proper application of bishops and bank-notes, soap and a well-marked sense of our superiority?

THE LATE MR. CHARLES DICKENS ON THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. — Mr. Rawlinson, C.B., writes to a contemporary: "I received the following letter from the late Charles Dickens on the date given. As it bears on the opening of Parliament ceremonial by the queen, and embodies some views of Parliament by the great novelist, it may both interest and amuse.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, January 25, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR, — I assure you that we are all extremely sensible of your kind remembrance and much indebted to you for your invitation; but though reasonably loyal, we

do not much care for such sights, and consequently feel that you ought to bestow the places you so obligingly offer us on some more deserving objects. The last ceremony of that kind I ever saw was the queen's coronation, and I thought it looked poor in comparison with my usual country walk. As to Parliament, it does so little and talks so much that the most interesting ceremony I know of in connection with it was performed (with very little state indeed) by one man, who just cleared it out, locked up the place, and put the keys in his pocket.

My dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Robert Rawlinson, Esq.